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THE FRONT PAGE

A LADY has written a letter to one of the women's journals complaining, but with moderation and good sense, of the impatience with which a woman, travelling alone, is treated when she asks questions of a conductor on a train or a ticket-seller at a wicket. "What right," she asks, "has a man to conduct a train if he is not going to put himself out for the comfort and assistance of his passengers? and what right has a man to be selling tickets if he cannot kindly tell a woman who is not much used to travel the little things that would set her at her ease?" It is, of course, notorious that a woman when travelling asks all manner of needless questions—will not feel sure that the train she is about to enter is the one she should enter, or that the one she has entered is the right one, or that the car she is sitting in will continue to the end of the journey. She seems to have a horrid fear that the porter, the brakeman, and the conductor of whom she asked questions, answered her without having listened to what she said. So she looks about her, selects the most intelligent passenger in the car and asks him. He assures her that she is in the right car, but in a moment she experiences an unaccountable feeling that this passenger is by no means an intelligent man. The more she looks at him the more confident she becomes that he is just the kind of person who would get aboard a train and in stupid content ride east when he should have gone west. So she must enquire of somebody else, and, unless she sees somebody she knows enjoys no peace of mind until the conductor has accepted her ticket. Then and then only, does she feel safe.

Yet the blame for much of this question-asking on the part of women travellers must be charged against the railway men. Too often a woman may ask the same question of three uniformed railway men inside five minutes, without receiving a satisfying reply from any one of them. Each man answers her question, it is true, but not in a convincing manner. One does not look at her at all; talks past her into space. She feels that he may be a sleep-walker. The next is talking to another man and replies to her question without admitting her existence—but continues his conversation. The third answers her question savagely, and fiercely points her along. Evidently he hates her. How could she feel sure that such a creature would not maliciously misdirect her? Anyone of these men, by looking the woman frankly in the face and evincing an honest desire to tell her exactly what she wanted to know, could have "set her at ease" in a moment. But they barked at her; they wanted to let her know that they were pestered all day with foolish questions and wouldn't stand much more of it; they revealed, to her quick instinct, a desire to tell her as little as possible and pass her quickly along with her parcels and her queries.

Some conductors on our railways have no sense of fair play. If one passenger offends a conductor of this stamp, other passengers have to suffer for it. Let no woman venture to ask him any questions. It may be that in one car some woman passenger has taxed the man's patience to the limit, but it is his business to acquire a new supply before entering the next coach, so that he will not be boorish to other women travelling alone and who have a right to ask necessary questions and are entitled to courteous and satisfying answers. A conductor is not on a train for the sole purpose of collecting tickets; the passengers are in his charge; he represents the general management of the road; its popularity is in his hands—and he can damage it considerably in one day with people he may never see again. The passenger agents, the men at the top in the railway business, are genial and courteous beyond any people we have in the country. They take infinite pains to be obliging to customers great and small, and yet, for some reason there appears to run through the lower order of the service a notion that a multitude of people is a nuisance.

ON more than one occasion those who declare themselves open enemies of the automobile have been reminded in these columns that while the auto is as yet pretty much the plaything of the rich, it is sure to become in time the valuable servant of all, and, in the meantime the wealthy are paying the cost of those experiments which will perfect and cheapen the horseless vehicle. It may be well to submit one piece of evidence along this line. Hiram P. Maxim, son of Sir Hiram, has made an important discovery—a "silent firearm." We have smokeless powder and now we are to have the noiseless gun—the silent, unseen destroyer. This invention will not only tend to discourage war by making it too terrible to contemplate, but there is no means of estimating the benefit that may accrue to the world if we can even partly overcome the great nerve-enemy, Noise. But the point to be noted is that this discovery of the silent fire-arm is due to the automobile industry. Young Maxim had been working with guns all his life, but had never thought of such a thing as a silent rifle or a noiseless cannon. The boom of guns was the music of war. Nobody imagined that it could be done away with. But young Maxim had been annoyed by the choo-choo of his car, and he got the idea that he might work out a plan whereby that noise could be done away with. Succeeding in that he found he had discovered a principle by which could be made a practically silent firearm. "The report," we are told, "due to a sudden release of the gases at the muzzle of a firearm when the discharge occurs is prevented through the action of a valve, which allows the gas to escape gradually, with a subdued hissing, through a series of small holes." The weapon is not altered in appearance except for a small cross piece in the barrel a short distance from the muzzle; this shuts off the escape of gases just as the bullet emerges, a piston valve sliding across the bore. It works automatically and a safety device prevents another cartridge being fired until the valve is back in place. This invention, with all its possibilities, has grown out of automobile experiment. Those who spend time and money on flying machines are regarded by many as triflers, yet the industrial world has already saved vast sums through the experiments of those who, in trying to fly, have discovered new principles of construction combining lightness of weight with strength. The automobile is doing this service to man-

kind—it is enlisting the capital of wealthy men the world over in experiments looking towards swift and easy transit without rails. When the problems are solved, all men will share in the benefits.

A READER in New York who has noted the interest this journal takes in what may be called the as yet unknown Last West of Canada, sends us a letter enclosing an interview, in the New York Times, with Mr. J. J. Hill, and asking us to face Mr. Hill's statements and make reply to them. Nothing could please us better. But before entering upon that it may be well to say that the editorial staff of this journal is greatly indebted to readers in all parts of the world who send marked copies of newspapers and written suggestions as to points that should be scored in favor of this country. We shall get somewhere presently if patriotism expresses itself with this degree of intelligence. To begin with, then, let us quote what Mr. J. J. Hill has to say about Canada in his interview in the New York Times—those remarks to which

trail from Edmonton, and have in this office a sample of flour such as has been manufactured there for many years past. On Feb. 29 we published a photograph of a potato patch in bloom at Fort Good Hope, one thousand miles north of Edmonton. Mr. Thompson Seton came home recently and reported walking waist high in grass in the region called "the barren lands." We have the assurance of excellent witnesses before a committee of the Senate of Canada that in the north, owing to the long sun-light each day, wheat, from seeding to harvest needs only eighty-five days to mature, as against 105 days farther south. We are reminded by Mr. R. E. Young, of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, who has long travelled and studied the new and unknown West, that "the province of Tobolsk in Siberia, with the city of Omsk (population 37,000), on its southern boundary, has a population of a million and a half and raised 6,800,000 bushels of wheat and 10,617,000 bushels of oats in 1900." Omsk is in latitude about one hundred miles north of Edmonton, and the mean winter temperature of the settled

the wheat crops last year. There had been the worst winter in fourteen years, followed by a late spring. The season was unusual. In the early years of any western State the record was no better.

SOMEBODY has sent us a marked copy of the Gaelic-American published in New York in which is given an extract from a speech by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in discussing the treaty with Japan, as follows:

If war unfortunately occurred "they might see the fleet of Japan and Great Britain united in the North Pacific against a common enemy. It is possible that we may see the fleet of Japan weighing anchor from the harbor of Vancouver for the protection of those British interests to which we attach such vital importance."

From this New York paper proceeds to argue that Canada is in alliance with Japan for peace or war, and bound, in case of hostilities breaking out between Japan and the United States, to fight against the neighboring Republic. This is but fanciful nonsense. Such are the ties of friendship and intercourse between Canada and the United States that no old-world complication whatever could involve them in war. Against any other power but Great Britain the sympathy of Canada would be with the United States in battle—an instinctive, spontaneous, blood sympathy that would not wait to ask questions or read treatises or cable for advice. It would be natural, as distinct from a political, sympathy, arising out of intimate intercourse and common thinking and feeling. As a young country Canada has got more kicks than coppers from the Republic, but, while some of us would like to see Ottawa use a little more nerve in playing the game of politics as against Washington, nobody in this country wants to see "one of the family" thumped by a foreigner, white or yellow. We do not expect to see it. We should get quite excited if it were tried on.

WHILE busily writing at my home the other night the door-bell rang, and, on answering it, I found a Salvation Army man there, who asked if I wanted to buy an Easter number of the War Cry. I explained that while I had not been sitting up for that purpose it might be as well to take a copy, and before retiring read the number from cover to cover. It is a well-edited but highly sensational sheet. It is a yellow journal of piety and exhortation. "Slick Jim—A Bowery Tough," is a page story written by Captain S. A. Church, giving the experience of a soldier in one of the barracks in Toronto. Of this narrative the editor says: "This is one of the most amazing changes by Divine grace we have ever printed. Read it, and we think you will consider it a modern miracle." It is certainly amazing enough. Twenty years ago this chap at the age of ten ran away from Toronto and became a bootblack in New York, then he was adopted by a German, ran away and became a performer in the Bowery music halls, travelled with Uncle Tom's Cabin, got back to New York and became a card sharp—"he and his partner the slickest pair in New York"—got into trouble with the police, enlisted in the navy and for four years saw service in Cuba and the Philippines, started for Toronto but was locked up in "the Erie Pen." Reaching Toronto he soon got converted at a street meeting, is a good soldier, "takes great delight in boozing the War Cry and sells thirty copies each week."

While not doubting for a moment that Slick Jim is a much finer and more useful man to-day than ever before, one may be permitted to think that he was never quite so awfully awful as this narrative would have us suppose. Why is it necessary to exalt these heroes of sin? Why encourage men to brag and boast and compete with each other in painting their pasts scarlet? Why cultivate a vanity in vice, so that the ordinary fellow on the street corner, deficient in wickedness and weak in imagination, feels that he must go and make a record before he can hope to shine among these once-famous monsters of evil? The Army, judged by the good work it has done, appears to know its business, and yet if it is hypocrisy for a man to pretend to be better than he is, why should men be encouraged to boast of having been ten times worse than they were. When a man begins making that his pride it grows on him. Should he backsides he has got to live up to his reputation as a monster of the underworld.

SOME months ago the opinion was expressed in these columns that Premier Whitney would be unable to redistribute the constituencies of the province without making the job a gerrymander—partizanship being a strong force and the self-interest of his personal friends great. The redistribution bill is now before the public, and notwithstanding the complaints made by the Liberals, the general view will be that the redistribution was conceived in a spirit of unusual fairness. No doubt the bill fails to equalize conditions in some districts where they stand in need of adjustment, but such changes as have been made are made with some respect for the principles of fair play. Those who criticize the bill must look far and wide for an example of anything better in the same line.

M. R. KELLY EVANS, on the advice of his friends and in order to force on the attention of the people of Ontario the importance of looking after the commercial and game fish of the province, has announced himself a candidate for the Ontario Legislature in South Toronto. Mr. Evans is a Conservative in politics and would be glad to have his candidature endorsed by his party, but should he not receive that endorsement, he will run in any event, believing as he does, that the fisheries of Ontario will not be looked after until they have been forced on public attention. Few among the twelve or twenty candidates who will strive for the eight seats Toronto will be entitled to in the Legislature, will stand for anything except political partizanship. Mr. Evans is justified, therefore, in entering the field with his red-hot purpose of arousing the province to an understanding of the wealth it is losing through the depletion of its fisheries. In a recent speech he pointed out that the actual catch by pounds of whitefish and herrings in Ontario was considerably less than half in 1906 of what it was in 1889. From one end of the province to the other Mr. Evans has been heard in the past two or three years on this subject, addressing meetings



HALVING THE APPLE

OLD MAN ONTARIO—"Oh, come now, Aleck, quit yer scrappin'. Maybe the knife slipped a little, but that 'pear to me t' be about as fair a cut's I ever see."

the New York reader invites reply. Mr. Hill has been talking in favor of personal economy. He speaks dismally of the future of the white man:

"What of Canada and her great Northwest?" asks the reporter. "Are there not vast regions there to be developed by wheat growing?"

"You hear much of Northwestern Canada and her wheat areas, but what does it amount to? What of this season's record? The wheat crop is nearly 25,000,000 bushels short. The growing grain was frozen. No, the country is too cold. The men of the Hudson's Bay Company know it. They have been there for years and years. Say what you like, all of Northwestern Canada that is capable of settlement does not cover a larger area than two and one-half States the size of Iowa."

The observations that may be made on this interview may be divided into three parts: (1) Mr. Hill would probably repudiate the interview as spurious if it were submitted to him. (2) A portrait of Mr. Hill accompanies the interview, showing him to be an old man, better qualified to indulge in reminiscence than prophecy as to the future. (3) The ascertainable facts about the Canadian West are the sufficient reply to the views attributed to Mr. Hill. For some time past we have devoted in this paper a page to "The Last West," in which we have stated that we believe it to be a fact that there lies between Hudson's Bay and the Rockies, and north of Prince Albert and Edmonton, a country great as two German Empires, and equally capable of supporting population. We firmly believe this to be so, and expect Time to prove it. But we do not have to leave proof to Time. A certain amount of proof can be adduced at once. In our issue of March 28 we published a photograph of a stack of wild hay cut seven hundred miles north of Edmonton; on March 14, we published a photograph of a potato patch and wheat field on the Mackenzie River, 550 miles north of Edmonton; on March 7 we published a photograph of a wheat field in stock at Fort Vermillion, 700 miles by

portions of Tobolsk would be very similar to Fort Simpson, one hundred and thirty miles north of the northern boundaries of Alberta—which means five or six hundred miles north of Edmonton. That new and unknown country, therefore, is by every provision of nature as ready to grow grain as one of the great wheat provinces of Russia. We are not speaking of the country disparaged by Mr. Hill, but of a country as yet unsettled, a week's journey on horseback north of the present wheat area. We say of Mr. Hill that he has lost his vision.

M. R. J. J. HILL, like all men who grow old, has become a poor judge of the future. What he is saying now about our West, his father was saying a generation ago about Manitoba. On returning from the West last summer I secured some old volumes of the reports of the Royal Geographical Society, and read them with amusement. Learned men in England, discussing to audiences of learned men, said in 1858 about Manitoba precisely what J. J. Hill is reported as having said in 1908 about the newer and remoter West. They said, as he says, that the country was too cold, that the frosts were fatal, that the area capable of profitable cultivation was very limited. There might be grazing, they said, but little grain-growing, yet for cattle they could see no hope that a market would ever be had. In 1858, too, the Hudson's Bay Company had no desire to boom the country. Explorers found the officers of the company hospitable to a degree in small ways, but when an explorer discovered a new pass through the Rockies and claimed the credit of it, the Company could show that its men had long known of the pass, but had concealed their knowledge from geographers. Last summer a Toronto woman, who travelled hundreds of miles into the country west of Hudson's Bay to visit a married daughter, came back and reported that it was a wonderful country, but that the Hudson's Bay people cry it down so that they may keep it as a fur preserve. Similar opinions can be gleaned from recent reports of the Mounted Police. It is true that frost injured

called by local branches of the Fish and Game Protective Association of which he is general secretary and enthusiasm-provider, but those who have become interested in the movement have noticed that, for some reason, neither the Government nor the Opposition, chooses to take the question up. By contesting a constituency Mr. Evans proposes to make it a people's question, and even should he be defeated at the polls he will, by his campaign, have advanced his cause and forced it on general attention. Should he be elected he will enter the Legislature with a mission and may be depended upon to make the province sit up and listen.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE is an able man, but is he not over-working that argument of his that nothing unfavorable to his plans must be done by the Legislature or it will destroy Canada's borrowing power on the European market? The time is coming when he will have to think up a new one.

MANY readers of these pages may not have heard of the Bennett will case of five years ago over in Connecticut with which William Jennings Bryan was connected, and the story of which is being revived by the detractors of Mr. Bryan in the effort to show that, high as his professed ideals are, he, as well as the next one, can chase hot-foot after a pot of money. In 1896 Mr. Bryan's sensational campaign for the Presidency of the United States won the admiration of Philo S. Bennett, an elderly and wealthy citizen of New Haven, Conn. He wrote to say that he would deem it pleasure to send Bryan \$3,000, which he did, and meeting him on another occasion, handed him \$500. He was in sympathy with Bryan's views and desired to assist him financially, so that he could carry on his work. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett visited the Bryan home in Nebraska, and while there Mr. Bennett prepared his will, bequeathing \$75,000, three houses and effects to his widow, \$7,000 to relatives, \$10,000 to charities, \$5,000 to the New Haven library, and \$10,000 to erect a Bennett drinking fountain. He left \$20,000 in trust to Mr. Bryan to be divided between twenty-five colleges and universities to give prizes for essays on the principles of free government and to aid deserving students; also \$10,000 in trust to Mrs. Bryan to help poor girls get an education. It is necessary to mention all these items in order to get a just view of the case. He arranged with Mr. Bryan that he would leave him the sum of \$50,000 for his own personal benefit, but secretly. They consulted on the manner of doing this. Mr. Bryan drafted a letter from Mr. Bennett to himself which Bennett took home with him, copied in his own hand and mailed to Bryan. It told him of the \$50,000 bequest and enclosed a copy of a letter he was depositing with his will, instructing his wife, in the event of his death, to pay the money secretly to Mr. Bryan. In the summer of 1903 Mr. Bennett was killed in a runaway accident, and his will was presented for probate by Mr. Bryan, who was one of the executors, and with the will he presented the letter, instructing Mrs. Bennett to pay him \$50,000. The Probate Court refused to accept the letter, and the Superior Court and the Supreme Court of Errors affirmed the judgment on appeal. In short, Mr. Bryan didn't get the money. Evidently the widow declined to pay it unless compelled to do so; and the law declared that she did not have to.

There appears to be room for some nice argument on the case among those who regard Mr. Bryan as the ideal citizen. Was he justified in assenting to accept benefit "secretly" from this will? Was he justified in making a legal fight to share in this estate? Evidently his \$50,000 was to come out of the widow's share. Should he not have placed evidence of Bennett's intentions in the widow's hands, leaving her to the courts, the decision?

BENNETT meant well, but he mussed things up by trying to do the job in too generous a way. He wanted to give Bryan a barrel of money without letting the fact be known. Secrecy was not maintained, and in the end Bryan did not get the money. In some respects the case recalls that related by Froude about Lord Beaconsfield. Early in 1851 Disraeli received a letter from a lady professing a general admiration for him and asking for his advice on some matter of business. Men whose names are before the world often receive letters of this kind from unknown correspondents, so Disraeli threw this one in the fire. Presently he received a second, and meeting a Devonshire man at the house of Monckton Milnes, asked him if he knew a mad woman named Willyams at Torquay. The gentleman, though not personally acquainted with Mrs. Willyams, said she was eccentric but not mad.

"The lady, when the first great Exhibition was opened, wrote again," says Froude, "pressing for an interview, and appointing as a place of meeting the fountain in the Exhibition building. The Disraeli of practical life was as unlike as possible to the heroes of his own novels. His mysterious correspondent might be young and beautiful or old and ugly. In either case the proposal could have no attraction for him. His person was well known, and an assignation at so public a place could not pass unnoticed. In his most foolish years he had kept clear of entanglements with women, and he did not mean to begin. He was out of town when the letter arrived. He found it when he returned, but again left it unnoticed. A third time, however, the lady wrote, and in more pressing terms appointed another hour at the same place. The perseverance struck him as singular. He showed the note to two intimate friends, who both advised him not to neglect a request that might have meaning in it. He went. By the side of the fountain he found sitting an old woman, very small in person, strangely dressed, and peculiar in manner: such a figure as might be drawn in an illustrated story for a fairy godmother. She told him a long story of which he could make nothing. Seeing that he was impatient she placed an envelope in his hands, which she said contained the statement of a case on which she desired a high legal opinion. She begged him to examine it at his leisure. He thrust the envelope carelessly into his pocket, and supposing that she was not in her right mind, thought no more about the matter. The coat which he was wearing was laid aside, and weeks passed before he put it on again. When he did put it on the packet was still where it had been left. He tore it open, and found a bank note for a thousand pounds as a humble contribution to his election expenses, with the case for the lawyers, which was less absurd than he expected. This was, of course, submitted to a superior counsel, whose advice was at once sent to Torquay with acknowledgments and apologies for delay. I do not know what became of the thousand pounds. It was probably returned. But this was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into a close and affectionate friendship. The Disraeli visited Mount Braddon at the close of the London season year after year. The old lady was keen, clever and devoted. A correspondence began,



Mr. A. Kelly Evans

He has been trying to force the attention of the people of Ontario to the importance of the fresh water fisheries, and in carrying out that purpose now announces himself a candidate for the Legislature in South Toronto.

which grew more and more intimate until at last Disraeli communicated to her freely the best of his thoughts and feelings. Presents were exchanged weekly. Disraeli's writing table was adorned regularly with roses from Torquay, and his dinners enriched with soles and turbot from the Brixham trawlers. He in turn provided Mrs. Willyams with trout and partridges from Hugden, and passed on to her the venison and the grouse which his friends sent him from the Highlands. The letters which they exchanged have been happily preserved on both sides. Disraeli wrote himself when he had leisure: when he had none Mrs. Disraeli wrote for him. The curious and delicate idyl was prolonged for twelve years, at the end of which time Mrs. Willyams died, bequeathing to him her whole fortune, and expressing a wish, which was of course complied with, that she might be buried at Hugden, near the spot where Disraeli was himself to lie.

Which goes to show that there are cases in real life quite as strange as those invented by the writers of fiction. The admiration of Mrs. Willyams for Disraeli and that of Philo Bennett for William Jennings Bryan were similar in quality but worked out to different conclusions— which, again, is where real life has fiction outclassed.

MACK.

Quebec Tercentenary Programme.

ANY people in all parts of the Dominion are beginning to plan a trip to Quebec in July while the Tercentenary fêtes are in progress. For the benefit of these the programme of the ceremonies is here given:

The Prince of Wales will land at Quebec on the morning of July 22. He will be received by the Governor-General, and will be presented with an address by the Dominion Parliament.

On July 23 the scene of the landing of Champlain will be reconstituted, and the old navigator will be shown arriving with his crew in a replica of his original ship, which is now being built. A loyal telegram will be addressed to the King, and congratulations exchanged with different parts of the Empire, France, and the United States, and the Mayor of Brouges.

The Prince of Wales will formally open the fêtes, and a speech will be delivered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The grand historical parade will afterwards be reviewed, and there will be a grand illumination of the Fleet at night.

July 24.—Dedication of the battlefield. Military and Naval review.

July 25.—Review of the Fleets.

July 26.—Thanksgiving Day. Roman Catholic Service and Mass on the Plains of Abraham, with beautiful music, followed by a service in the English Cathedral.

July 27.—Naval display ashore by 10,000 sailors. Representation of the bombardment of Quebec by the British Fleet and Army under Saunders and Wolfe respectively.

July 28.—Children's Day. Daylight fireworks on the Plains of Abraham.

July 29.—The Prince of Wales leaves the port.

The pageant representing scenes from Canadian history will be given on several afternoons by three thousand performers under the direction of Mr. Frank Lascelles, who has planned and carried out the most notable of the great English historical pageants of recent years.

It is also stated that the attractions in honor of his Royal Highness will include a ball given by the Provincial Government at Parliament House; a luncheon, given by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Dominion Premier, and a garden party at Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. There will also be a series of state dinners, and addresses will be received by the Prince of Wales from Quebec and the Parliament of Canada.

The King Charles Pension.

SIX weeks ago there appeared on the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT a paragraph concerning the pension still paid in England to the descendants of the Penderells, who hid Charles II. in an oak tree and thus saved his life. We have received from a gentleman in Surrey, England, an interesting letter giving more full and exact information as to this pension.

"In the first place," he writes, "the pension is paid, not to one or two but to scores of descendants of the Penderell family, and these descendants represent in themselves nearly every grade of society. The list is headed by one or two lords and there is a gradual descent to small tradesmen, clerks, and some even lower in the social scale. There are still one or two of the name of Penderell remaining. The amounts paid correspond with the directness of descent, and range, from somewhere about £50 to only a few shillings per annum."

"There is something absurd in the duration of the Penderell Trust. It is composed of the rents of land and buildings which were the private property of King Charles and which were legally dedicated to the continuance of this legacy for ever. It could not have been discontinued without gross injustice to the heirs of the Pen-

derells. In the original grant the situation and extent of each piece of land is fully set forth, together with a description of each building.

"I may say that there are charities left by private families being paid in England to-day which are of as great or greater antiquity than the Penderell rents.

"What is stranger than the duration of the legacy is the fact that 'Royal Oak' Day, May 29th, is still observed as a day of thanksgiving in England. Church bells are rung and special prayers read in the churches, and it is customary for people to wear oak leaves as buttons. In the smaller towns and in country districts half holidays are given in the schools and the children have special games commemorating the escape of King Charles in the oak. One of these is for the boys to carry bunches of nettles, with which they sting anyone who cannot produce a sprig of oak.

"Reverting to the Trust, the management of the estate from which this is drawn and the payment of the pensions is in the hands of an eminently respectable firm of estate agents and the deeds in the possession of a well known London firm of solicitors."

Great Scottish Professors.

READING the reminiscences by various "eminent hands" of the late Lord Kelvin, one is more than ever forced to the conclusion (says Harper's Weekly) that the great Scots professors are a race apart. We hear of no such teachers anywhere else. Great scholars universities everywhere produce, but we love to read of those North Country teachers who were not only giants mentally, but who also brought to their work extraordinary physical activity and the enthusiasm of boys. We all know more or less of Professor Blackie; and Stevenson, in more than one of his essays, has given us some idea of many another Edinburgh professor, as, for instance, the joyous Tait, Lord Kelvin's collaborator on the "Natural Philosophy"; of old Lindsay, Tait's laboratory assistant, with his rustic air, "sturdy and fresh and plain." And who does not recall the fascinating picture of Professor Kelland, "lively as a boy, kind like a fairy godfather, and keeping perfect order in his class by the spell of that very kindness"? As to Fleeming Jenkin, no one can forget the brilliant characterization of him in "Talk and Talkers." "Cockshot is bottled effervescence, the sworn foe of sleep. Three-in-the-morning Cockshot," says a victim. "His talk is like the driest of all imaginable dry champagnes; slight of hand and imitable quickness are the qualities by which he lives." And all of these men were not merely teachers, but inventors, discoverers, leaders in their several departments.

"IF the Conservatives of the future are to be spared the humiliation and shame which is the heritage of Ontario Liberalism to-day," says the Toronto World, "it will be because the Conservatives of the present avoid the causes that brought the grey hairs of Ontario Liberalism in sorrow and shame to a political grave. Chief among these causes, indeed, the root of all the diseases that sap the vitality and poison the systems of political parties, is want of personal independence. It was because Liberal leaders, Liberal managers and Liberal organs frowned upon and discouraged individual independence, punishing it when possible and rewarding subserviency and unquestioning obedience to leaders and caucuses, that the party at length found itself without the strong, courageous, forceful men who could have prevented the political immorality that wrought its ruin. The lesson for Conservatives is plain. Encourage independent, thinking men, men of brains and information."

It might have been added by The World, that what happened to the Liberal Government in Ontario, also happened to the Conservative party in Federal politics, and is making for the downfall of the Laurier administration at Ottawa. Honest opinion is silenced. Rewards of every kind are handed to those who are the obedient servants of a ruling few.

SAYS St. James's Budget: Few things have altered so much in the last twenty years as the status of our Colonial Governors. It was different before telegraphy came and knit the whole world together. Then a governor had a chance of acting with a free hand. A strong man such as the much-maligned Governor of Jamaica, could act strongly. He was not at the end of a wire terminating in Downing street. Nor were the Colonies the stalwart sons of the Empire they have since become; they were young and needed direction. Whereas now—no better epitome of the Governor's position could be found than was embodied in a remark of Lord Northcote, that, according to the ever-varying Cabinet changes, he had one year to be a staunch Protectionist with Mr. Deakin, then a friend of the Labor Party under Mr. Watson, and following that a Free Trader, in sympathy with Mr. Reid. Let a Governor take the least independent action, and fault is sure to be found with him. "The Royal Prerogative must be exercised in a manner agreeable to the Legislative Assembly," as Queensland is now saying to Lord Chelmsford. As an effective force the Governor is infinitely inferior to the Ambassador.

To Edward MacDowell.

(October, 1907)

WHEN thou didst ponder o'er the ivory keys, Changing the things of God from sight to sound, Transposing what in all the world is found Into a rapturous joy of melodies, Thou didst not know that all those subtleties Of artists' craft, which in thy works abound, Were meant for others' joy, and not for thine. For us thy clash of chords, sweet, rushing, wild, Which stir the soul like rich and mellowed wine; For thee, alas, the pleasures of a child.

—Margaret D. Gordon, in March Century.

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D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
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it is hardly to be expected that a bull movement is to be engineered just now. Money must first get easier. The dealings in the Mackays have been more prominent this week than for many a day. They are up \$15 to \$18 a share from the low prices towards the latter part of last year. Sao Paulo has made a new high mark for the year, but as a 9 per cent. stock it has many followers yet. Canadian Pacific, in spite of decreased earnings, monopolizes more attention on the local board than for a long time. Soo Common made a still higher price this week to the chagrin of some who took profits a few points above par. The laggards were Toronto Railway and Twin City. The decrease of \$518 in the weekly earnings of the first-named road last week was a novelty; the increases had gone on uninterruptedly for such a long time

In spite of the fact that the past twelve months have seen a net gold export of \$60,000,000 from Europe to the United States, seven of the great State banks of Europe, in their last reports, showed aggregate gold holdings \$156,600,000 greater than at this time in 1907. Here are the figures: England, April, 1908, \$198,614,000, April, 1907, \$174,981,000, increase, \$23,633,000; France, April, 1908, \$553,247,000, April, 1907, \$520,837,000, increase, \$32,410,000; Germany, April, 1908, \$142,006,000, April, 1907, \$105,582,000, increase, \$36,424,000; Russia, April, 1908, \$480,565,000, April, 1907, \$454,880,000, increase, \$25,685,000; Holland, April, 1908, \$38,469,000, April, 1907, \$25,720,000, increase, \$12,745,000; Belgium, April, 1908, \$30,415,000, April, 1907, \$24,495,000, increase, \$5,920,000; Italy, April, 1908, \$182,085,000, April, 1907, \$162,305,000, increase, \$19,785,000; total, April, 1908, \$1,625,401,000; to al, 1907, \$1,468,800,000, total increase, \$156,601,000.

There are two possible reasons for this increase: new gold production, or movement into bank reserves of cash no longer needed in general trade. A year ago, gold production was on a larger scale than now; yet all the State banks of Europe then held only \$40,800,000 more than at the same time in 1906. Therefore, gold production does not explain the \$156,000,000 increase.

The question of European trade reaction as an influence is interesting. In the United States such reaction has had a part in the \$69,000,000 increase in New York bank reserves over this week a year ago, just as the trade reaction of 1904 brought New York's cash holdings at midsummer \$111,000,000 above the same week in 1903. This has been happening in Europe also. The Bank of England, for one instance, holds this week \$24,039,000 more gold than at the opening of last April; yet, in the intervening period, England has lost, through excess of gold exports over imports, nearly \$10,000,000 gold. Since England is not a gold-producer, it follows that \$34,000,000 gold has been drawn, during the past twelve months, from the country's internal trade channels into the Bank of England.

MORE ABOUT MR. ASQUITH

THIS striking pen picture of the Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, Great Britain's Premier-elect, is taken from the London Mail:

A shortish man with wavy, silvery-grey hair, loose-fitting clothes, and a pallid, lawyer-like face, with a very straight mouth and very steady eyes, is standing day by day at the table of the House of Commons making the fight of his life.

Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister-elect, is carrying a full half of the burden of the Government's contentious legislative proposals, is managing the Exchequer of the country, and is leading a parliamentary host comprising practically every kind of politician, from Imperialists to Little



THE RT. HON. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH
British Premier-Elect

Englishers, from serious students of politics to cranks and faddists who make up aggressive little parties of their own. The mere thought of his enormous task makes the ordinary man shrink. Mr. Asquith is filled with silent exhilaration. He knows this is the great opportunity of a striking career. The hard relentlessess of the fight merely stimulates him.

Mr. Asquith's incessant mental turmoil and his heavy burden of Empire is never shown in his face when at ten minutes past three each afternoon he strolls into the House of Commons to answer any questions which may be put down to him as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as acting Prime Minister. No feverish haste marks his footsteps; he bears no sign of the nerve-trying day of work he has already completed in his Department, in his private room, and in the Cabinet chamber. He picks his way over the outstretched feet of Ministers on the front bench with the slow precision of an idler. His hands are in his trousers pockets, his face placid, slightly bored, and his whole attitude that of the leisurely saunterer, only faintly interested in the scene which his entry into the Chamber has opened up for him. He drops with an indifferent air into the middle of the long line of Ministers on the front bench, and casually picks up the order paper of the day with the manner of a man who thinks he may as well see what is going on though it really does not interest him very much.

It is said that Mr. Asquith, lacking personal magnetism, is not a leader of men, and yet in these later days the advent of the cold-faced Chancellor of the Exchequer acts in the way of a tonic on the crowded lines of his supporters, even on a good many of those who are not

tirely satisfied as to his orthodoxy. They know that Mr. Asquith, with all his seeming placidity, can within thirty seconds turn himself into a dragon of furious action. They know that for all his indifference he will spring to battle with smashing blows the instant there is an opening. His icy preparedness for emergencies stirs the latent admiration of even the Little Englanders.

Mr. Asquith is not an imposing figure except in action. His clothes never seem to fit him thoroughly—his trousers always appear rather baggy, his inevitable morning coat seems too small, and his waistcoat gives one the impression of being worn because it is comfortable. To a stranger his clothes are in keeping with the man as he leans back indifferently on the front bench. They indicate him as a member not anxious to cut a distinguished figure, as one who is quite content to be among the rank and file of a large parliamentary party. But that impression is dissipated when Mr. Asquith rises to his feet. Then the personality of the man shines forth, and the most casual eye can see what makes him a power in the House of Commons. From his first dozen words it is apparent that, though one may dislike him, it will be impossible to ignore him. His manner varies with the occasion. It is generally ruthless. He will brush political friends aside with the same rough verbal gesture that he uses to foes. He does not go out of his way to be conciliatory.

One has to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer at different periods of parliamentary sitting to get a fair picture of him. The Mr. Asquith seated with bored face and lazy attitude on the Treasury bench is not the Mr. Asquith who makes fighting speech. Listlessness drops from him like a mantle as he rises to his feet and takes his place in front of the famous despatch-box to expound to the House a new and highly contentious piece of legislation. His pale face is slightly flushed, his eyes are half veiled; unconsciously his shoulders go back a little, and his head adopts an aggressive pose. He is a picture of cold ardor. In a deep, sonorous voice he opens with some well-balanced generalities. In three minutes he has reached the heart of his subject, holding the House silent with his lucid and direct explanations. Here is where he excels. It is hard to believe when listening to Mr. Asquith that legislative proposals can be complex or intricate. He has the power of making a child understand an Act of Parliament.

Directly his speech is over he sinks back on the Treasury bench with his old impassive air.

A Poet Who Makes His Work Pay.

THERE is a little known poet in England, E. V. Barclay, who in the last eighteen months has sold 75,000 copies of his books. His unique system of advertising and his method of keeping close to nature and the hearts of his people might perhaps be commended to struggling poets in this country. In telling the secret of this poet's success, the Denver Republican says:

He knows how to write verses that please simple folk. He is his own publisher and bookseller. He is a true devotee of the simple life and for fame he doesn't care a rap.

"Up and down old England, far and wide,
A Gipsy writer, chancing much, I roam the countryside."

So he writes in his "Strange Tale of a Tramp." He lives in a caravan drawn by an old horse that he calls Caravan Josh. In the last eighteen months he has travelled almost completely around England. He may be encountered frequently trudging along merrily beside his yellow van in some verdant by-lane. But one is more apt to run across him at a country fair, standing at the top of the steps of his perambulating abode, selling his books by sheer force of wit and oratory. He is absolutely independent of the critics. He cares nothing for what reviewers may say of him. It is what he says of himself that goes with the crowd.

In a busy market-place on a Saturday night he frequently sells as many as 1,000 copies of his works. They are all printed at his own expense, bound in paper back covers, and he sells them for the modest sum of one penny each. Ten of these little volumes he has published. Some of them are in prose. Love, adventure, and the merry little comedies of rural life are the themes of which he treats. His own experiences furnish him with an inexhaustible fund of material. Although still a young man he has been twice around the world and he fought through the Boer war with Kitchener's horse. His booklets, passed from hand to hand and place to place, may be found in thousands of cottage homes. So far as circulation goes among the humbler classes he has a better claim to be regarded as the poet of the people than any other living author.

He has a genuine gift of improvisation. One of his devices for attracting attention is to offer to write some verses free for any girls in the crowd who will acknowledge that they are in love. All he requires is the name of the adored one and something about his appearance—the color of his eyes or hair.

"The offer," he says, "always starts a lot of giggling and chaffing. But soon little slips of paper are handed up to me with the desired information. One, for instance, read like this: 'His name is Tom and his eyes are blue.' Then I write something nice about Tom and bring in an allusion to his eyes and hope that the wedding bells will soon be ringing. Of course, I read it to the crowd and it puts them in a good humor and then they buy my books." From which it may be inferred that the gipsy poet understands the art of jollifying.

Bryan's Eloquence.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was addressing a political meeting in Iowa on one occasion when, it is said, he fairly carried away his audience by the power of his oratory. Among those most impressed by the Nebraskan's effort (says an anecdotalist in Lippincott's Magazine), was a man known to be very deaf, but who nevertheless seemed to be listening with breathless attention to Bryan, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the speaker's lips.

Finally, when a particularly fervid passage had been delivered by the man from Nebraska, with the effect of eliciting a storm of applause from the audience, the deaf man, as if he could contain himself no longer, yelled in the ear of the man next to him:

"Who is that speakin'?"
"William Jennings Bryan!" shouted the man addressed.
"Who?" roared the deaf man, still louder.

"William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska!" came from the second man in a piercing shriek.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the deaf man, excitedly. "It don't make any difference, after all. I can't make out a word he or you are sayin'; but, good gracious, don't he do the motions splendid!"

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DECORATION AND PROGRAMME OF THE NOBILITY IN CANADA

By VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

The following article has been sent to SATURDAY NIGHT by Viscount de Fronsac, who is now in London endeavoring to secure royal recognition of certain claims he is advancing in favor of titles of nobility for descendants of the founders of Canada.

ON the 10th of March the Standing Council of the Baronetage met at their headquarters, 58 Coleman street, London, E. C., at which occasion there was brought before them, by their Registrar, Francis W. Pixley, Esq., F.S.A., a most interesting communication from the Herald Marshal of the College of Arms of Canada. This communication dealt entirely with that sentiment that binds together the various parts of the Empire; that, as Edmund Burke once exclaimed, "though lighter than air holds stronger than iron"—a sentiment that, in these days of material calculations (which fail without it),

tween each one of the four arms of the cross, emblazoning at the centre of the cross a shield empaled with France (royal) and Scotland (for Canada and Nova Scotia), and having above the crown the lion crest of the Empire, and below the shield the motto, "Dien et mon Droit." The Baronets of Nova Scotia, enrolled in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order, will suspend this medal from an orange ribbon with a clasp bearing the words, "Baronet of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order." The Seigneurs of Canada, enrolled in the order, will suspend this medal from a blue ribbon and clasp engraved with "Seigneur of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order." The Bannerets of Quebec will suspend the medal from a red ribbon and clasp, with "Banneret of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order" engraved thereon.

Within three weeks it is hoped that the Chiefs of the Order having this in charge will be able to bring the request before the King, that those having undoubted right by law and descent and enrolled in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire in America, may wear his medal before His Majesty at Court and on State occasions. The details of all these matters are being arranged, and it is confidently hoped that this order, whose sentiment, "though lighter than air holds stronger than iron" to the unity of Empire, the constitution and the throne, whose members have founded and defended the "Empire Beyond the Seas," will be gratified in that which harms no one, but is a national and a "Mark of Honor" to themselves. It is besides, their inherent right by law and previous royal assent.

On the completion of the above details preparation will be made for a ceremonious investiture of the members with the order at Montreal, when, in a pageant, the banners emblazoned with the arms of the 700 or 800 founders and defenders of the Empire in America (Seigneurs, Baronets and Bannerets) will be borne in procession, and the corner-stone be laid for a statue to Sir Guy Carleton, first Lord Dorchester, Canada's greatest Governor-General, whose wisdom, statesmanship and military skill saved Canada to the Empire in the days of 1775-83.

is scarce mentioned. And the interest in this communication must appeal to all those who identify themselves with imperial concerns.

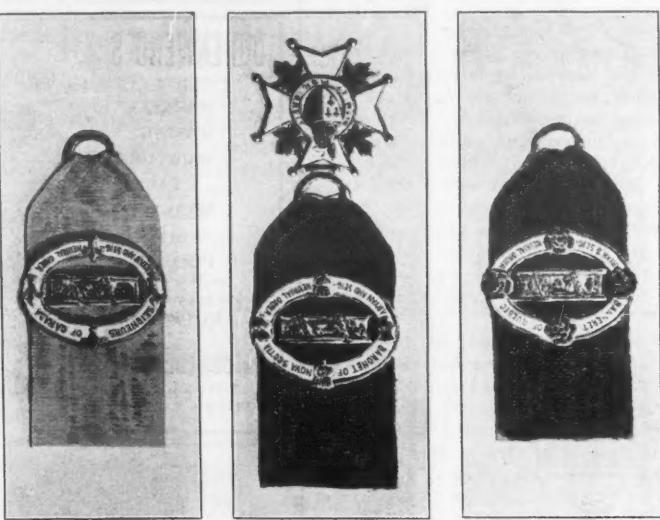
The communication informed the Council of the Baronetage that those who are Baronets of Nova Scotia are entitled, as titular feudal founders of Canada, to registration in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire in America, along with the Seigneurs of Canada and the Bannerets of Quebec. The Council was asked to assist in the Seigneurs' celebration in Canada of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the country, during the coming year, by organizing all, or as many as possible, of the Baronets of Nova Scotia who are in Britain to take part in that celebration at Montreal. The purpose will be to unite in Britain and Canada and wherever else they may be, the descendants of these three orders, to maintain the sentiment that has preserved the Empire thus long in the memory of their sires, the feudal and titular founders of the Empire in America.

In brief, it may be said that there are but two parts of Canada; that is, Canada proper (anciently called New France) and Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia was founded by King James VI. and Charles I., through the efforts of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who was made the first Baron of Canada, with jurisdiction in that country. There are 150 Baronets of Nova Scotia, as that part of Canada was called under this patent. Their creation ranged from the years 1625 to 1707. They were given jurisdiction in Canada, also, with hereditary right of representation in the Canadian Council. Some of the earlier ones actually made settlements in the country and founded the little town of Grenville, Nova Scotia.

The Seigneurs of Canada were established for the same purpose of defending, governing and building up Canada, but they were commissioned as feudal lords by the Kings of France, commencing with King Henry the Great and ending (after Canada had been ceded to the British King in 1763) with George III., who granted several lordships, or Seigneuries, to the foremost of those gallant officers who had served the Empire in Canada from 1750 to 1760. When they are fully organized there are about 170 of these Seigneurs of Canada.

In 1775 when the entire Empire in America seemed to be lost by the imbecile interference of the London Parliament with the rights belonging to the inhabitants under their royal provincial charters and constitutions, and almost a whole continent stood in arms, Sir Guy Carleton, the first Lord Dorchester, after that war was over (1775-83) formulated the Loyalist Act of 1789. This Act was passed at Quebec and signed by King George III., decreeing that: "A Mark of Honor shall be accorded those and their descendants who rallied to the royal standard and stood for unity of Empire in the war of 1775-83 in North America." The descendants, therefore, of those officers, military and civil, who fell under this description, organized and took the name (as their hereditary "Mark of Honor") of "Bannerets of Quebec." Chief of these naturally is the representative of Baron Dorchester, the present Baroness Dorchester, of Greywell Hill, Winchfield, England. There are in all about 500 entitled to rank as Bannerets of Quebec. Now the occasion of celebrating the 300th anniversary of the definite establishment of Canada (1608-1908) has caused the leaders of the Seigneurs, the Baronets of Nova Scotia and the Bannerets of Quebec, who are already enrolled in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order, which their union forms, to consider the moment propitious for a complete organization of all their members; for the collection of all their records and armorials in the College of Arms of Canada (which they have revived from its first creation as a registration department by edict of King Louis XIV. in 1664), and for a pageant to celebrate in an appropriate way the great deeds of their ancestors, who were the founders and defenders of the Empire in America.

As the Aryan and Seigneurial Order is entitled to its "mark of distinction," it has chosen a medal as that mark, to be transmitted to its posterity in the family name. This medal is designed to represent a white enamelled Cross of St. Louis, having a maple leaf in enamelled colors be-



Photographs of the decorations now being made by Spink & Son, 17 and 18 Piccadilly, London, (makers of medals for the British Government) for the Seigneurs, Baronets and Bannerets of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire in America, enrolled in the College of Arms of Canada, as described by the Viscount de Fronsac. This photograph is from the original design, as is the only one of the three. The other two show the decorations, itself, as well as the respective ribbons belonging to the three titles of Seigneur, Baronet and Banneret, who constitute the only legitimate order of nobility in America.

The Man to Whom All England Writes.

THE London Times seems, after all, to be going on again in the even tenor of its way. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the energetic publisher of popular newspapers, has failed to acquire control of "The Thunderer." A new company has been formed, with Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell as managing director. Mr. Bell has been connected with The Times as foreign correspondent and assistant manager for over forty years. Mr. Buckle, the editor, will continue in his position. When an Englishman has a grievance or an idea, he writes to The Times about it, but although the editor of this great paper is the man to whom all England writes, little is really known of him as a man. To Mr. Buckle, a contributor to Harper's Weekly makes this interesting personal reference:

George Earle Buckle, with the exception of a few years spent as a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has devoted his life to The Times. He is barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but never practised, and entered the office of The Times on the editorial staff twenty-eight years ago, to be appointed as editor a few years later. Mr. Buckle is a scholarly man and has undoubtedly kept up the tone and dignity of the paper, especially of the editorial or leader page, as it is called in England. Partly on account of the tradition of the office, and partly because Mr. Buckle is himself a man of natural reserve, the editor of The Times has never figured largely in public. He is less known and more seldom seen at official functions than either Mr. Walter or Mr. Bell, but his influence within the office in guiding the editorial policy of the paper is real and final. Like Mr. Bell he is a man of large stature and enormous capacity for work. Golf is his chief form of recreation, and it is an unusual week-end that does not find him on the golf links. Frank and plain spoken, inclined to heartiness, and fifty-four years of age, Mr. Buckle has the faculty of getting the best out of his staff with the least possible amount of friction. The machinery of the office moves, and moves effectively, too, without seeming to move. There are men on The Times staff who have worked under Mr. Buckle now for nearly a generation, and are devoted to him, and will rejoice that his able direction of the editorial department of the paper is to continue.

The Duke of Devonshire.

THE late Duke of Devonshire presented an almost perfect type of the old-fashioned Whig, the "typical Englishman" the world over. He was the eighth Duke of Devonshire, one of Britain's richest peers, and a forceful figure in English politics. In relating his eventful career an article in the New York Sun says:

He owned nearly 200,000 acres in eleven English counties and in three counties in Ireland. His rent roll was close to \$1,000,000 a year. His principal country houses are Chatsworth, and Hardwick Hall, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, one of the most gorgeous palaces in England. It was built by the Duke's ancestor, an extraordinary woman known in her time as Bess of Hardwick. His other notable places were Compton Place, Eastbourne; Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, and Lismore Castle, Waterford, Ireland, while Londoners knew him as the proprietor of Devonshire House, 78 Piccadilly, W.

The more human and personal side of the Duke, while eccentric, was interesting. We read:

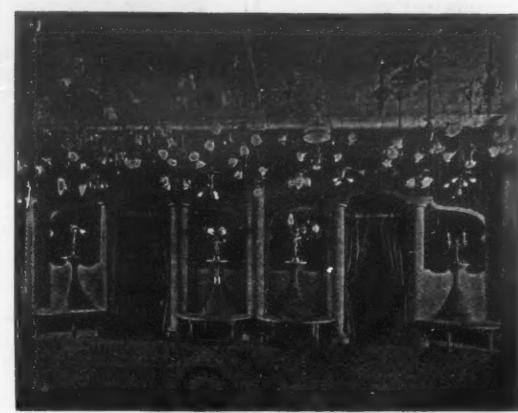
His dress was that of the country squire, loose, almost shapeless, careless in the extreme. His thick light brown hair ran down into a hay colored beard, which as time wore on began to show threads and streaks of silver. He was invariably late, late at the House, late at Cabinet meetings, late at the railroad stations, late at all times and places. The punctual Mr. Chamberlain referred to Devonshire once as "the late leader of the Liberal party." His tastes were simple. The barest rooms in his mansions were the Duke's own. He was a good hand at whist, fond of racing and the traditional English sports.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ADY CLARK is giving a dinner to-night at Government House in honor of Lady Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn.

There will be no Thursday reception at Government House until after Easter. This week His Honor, Sir Mortimer Clark, went to a banquet in Stratford, at which he made a speech.

Mr. Carl Hunter, whose finished singing and splendid stage presence so charmed his audience on Tuesday evening, is fiance of Miss Byron Walker, of St. George street. Mr. Hunter has been for some time studying in Germany.

Miss Hodgins, of Bloor street west, who had the misfortune to fall and break an arm some weeks ago, is progressing favorably and will, it is hoped, soon be quite well. Mr. Percy Hodgins, who was recently appointed manager of the Bloor and Yonge streets branch of the Traders Bank, has met with much success in securing business and has the advantage of having lived all his life within a few hundred yards of his present office.

At the Carl Hunter recital on Tuesday evening a very appreciative audience heard the new tenor and went into raptures over the beautiful harp-playing of Miss Heloise Keating, who excelled herself on that occasion and looked a fair picture.

The story called on Mr. and Mrs. Case, in New York, last Friday, leaving a fine son and heir for the happy parents. The many Toronto friends of the young mother who was, as Sheila Macdougall, of Carlton Lodge, so universally esteemed, will send her congratulations on her new honors. Mrs. Macdougall, mere, has been in New York with her daughter for a long visit, but returned home a short time since.

Mrs. J. Grayson Smith's friends found her as sweet and attractive in her new role of hostess and matron as she has always been in her father's home. On two afternoons last week she received many callers, for the first time since her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell left for England last week. Mr. and Mrs. Brydon are now occupying the Sewell's house, 77 Admiral road, until their return in the autumn.

Mrs. Minty, nee Weatherstone, of Winnipeg, is visiting her parents in Bathurst street.

The marriage of Miss Garrow and Mr. J. G. Standart will be celebrated in St. Andrew's church on April 28, at half-past two o'clock. A reception at the residence of the parents of the bride, Judge and Mrs. Garrow, will be given after the ceremony.

Mrs. Howard Irish has gone South for a couple of months. Dr. and Mrs. Aikins are going to Germany this month. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, of Clover Hill, are going to England next month. Mr. W. Grant Morden arrived home from London last week at New York last week.

On next Monday evening Josef Hofmann, who is very well known here, and Fritz Kreisler, a new violinist, are to give a concert. The critics of San Francisco have become very enthusiastic over Kreisler, and a friend writes me of the delight she felt on hearing his playing.

Miss Mary Scott, daughter of the Cabinet Minister, paid a brief visit to Toronto this week.

Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, brother of the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, has just brought out two new songs, the words of one being by Mr. Murray O'Hara, and voicing a high thought. Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara has become quite a well known song writer, and the two latest efforts will probably confirm his former successes.

Mrs. Graham Chambers and Mrs. Edward Scadding are at Preston Springs for a fortnight.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed will give a song recital in Conservatory Hall on April 21, for which a fascinating programme is being chosen. Mrs. Reed has been singing with unvarying success this season, and her Toronto friends, who have grudged her frequent absences for out-

of-town concerts, will have a fine chance to enjoy her in a variety of selections on April 21.

What reads like a fairy tale is the trip to Japan and China next August to be taken by a personally conducted party from Montreal and other parts. The itinerary is very tempting and full of interest, while the traveller is to enjoy everything in the most elegant manner. Fascinating booklets are being seriously studied by many who have long desired to visit the Flower Kingdom, and full particulars are therein given.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, have gone to California for a month. They left town last week.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Jack Dixon entertained dinner in honor of Lady Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn.

The Legislative Assembly will prorogue either to-day or Monday. At time of writing no date was set.

Miss Isabel Mackenzie has sold her house in Dovercourt road, and the purchaser is to remodel it into an apartment house. Miss Mackenzie will settle in one of the flats as soon as they are completed.

Such a number of people are going abroad that it will seriously affect the local social functions. A large number of Horse Show supporters will be out of town, but Toronto is growing so fast that others will come to the fore and carry on the traditions of brilliancy in the gathering for this delightful event. Anyone who keeps a wary eye upon the social world may well marvel at the changes, the new cliques, the gaps in old coteries, and the smartness of recently concreted ones. The "new people" who are buying homes, filling the theatres, and patronizing the shops and tearooms are a mighty force, beginning to make itself felt.

As the term for which Sir Mortimer Clark holds his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario draws to a close, many are the conjectures and prophecies as to who will reign in his stead at Government House. Over certain teatables hot favorites are named from Toronto, Hamilton and the Capital. The very latest is a Cabinet Minister, formerly a resident of Toronto. There are some who foretell an extended term for Sir Mortimer Clark; in fact, what no one can possibly know anything about is what everyone has the firmest opinion upon. Whether they vacate or continue to occupy Government House, there is but one opinion as to the conscientious, cordial and delightful way in which Sir Mortimer Clark and his family have upheld the dignity and dispensed the hospitalities of the big house in Simcoe street. That their successors may equal them in this respect is all one could wish.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore's farewell song recital on Wednesday night was attended by an exceedingly smart audience, including Lady Clark, Miss Mortimer Clark, Major Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mr. Jack Small, Miss Heloise Keating, Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Miss Saunders, Mr. Percy Galf, the Misses Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Arthur Grantham, Mrs. McGregor Young, Miss MacKenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. Clement Pepler, Mrs. Alex. Ireland, Miss Ireland, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. George Sears, Mr. Magann, Miss Marguerite Fleury, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Henderson, the Misses MacKellar, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacKenzie, Mrs. MacKenzie of Montreal, Mrs. Patterson of Vancouver, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Cleeve Hall, Colonel Maclean, Miss Slade, Mr. Arthur Somerville, Miss Evelyn Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Miss Douglas, Messrs. Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Lillian Crowther, Mrs. Ingles, Mr. Ingles, Dr. and Mrs. Young.

The latest tidings of Mrs. G. P. Magann's health are not good, and she has decided to return to Canada at once. Mr. Magann will not cross to England as intended, but will meet Mrs. Magann in New York. The deepest regret is expressed by everyone who knows this lovely little woman that her sojourn in Europe has not effected a cure of her indisposition.

The marriage of Mr. William E. Douglas, son of Mr. James Douglas, and Miss Bessie Mary Proudfoot, daughter of Mr. Hume Blake Proudfoot, took place at three o'clock on Wednesday in Avenue road Presbyterian church in the presence of a large company of guests and others, the pastor officiating, assisted by Rev. John Neil of Westminster church. Miss Proudfoot, who only made her debut two seasons ago, and was a very popular girl, was brought in and given away by her father, and looked very nice indeed in a bridal role of embroidered chiffon over silk, with satin bands, giving the modish semi-Empire effect, very becoming to her tall slight girlish figure. The tulle veil was held by a coronet of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of orchids, roses and lily of the valley, en cascade. The flower-girl was Miss Margaret Sweet, and the bridesmaids, Miss Sydney Stevenson, Miss Isabel Proudfoot, and Miss Kathleen Snow; the former was in white embroidered muslin and lace, with a white picture hat, and carried a basket of daffodils, and the three maids wore very pretty semi-Empire frocks of pale green mulberry taffeta, with bands of satin, and bouquets of daffodils tied with sashes of green ribbon, their hats being of white with green plumes. Dr. St. Charles was best man, and the ushers were Mr. A. Dixon, Mr. Jack Sifton, Mr. Dick Chadwick, and Dr. Mackay of Woodstock. The decoration of the church was of palms and daffodils, as was also that of the house during the reception. During the signing of the register, Miss Brenda Smellie sang "O fair, O sweet and holy." Mrs. Proudfoot received a large party after the ceremony at 132 Roxboro street west, where the dejeuner was served and the bride and groom received hearty good wishes from all. Mrs. Douglas changed her bridal gown for a neat navy suit, with tan and turquoise embroidery and a Tuscan hat garnished with blue flowers, and the happy couple left by the six o'clock train for Buffalo and other cities in the States, where they will spend their honeymoon. Many beautiful gifts were made to the bride.

Mrs. Mackenzie is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lissant Beardmore. Miss Jessie Hale, of London, was in town this week. Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald is in Colorado. Miss Helen Anderson, of Ottawa, is visiting her cousin, Miss Kerr. Mrs. Hubert Watt is home from Atlantic City.

One of the Easter week weddings will be that of Miss Helen Douglas and Mr. Malcolm C. Oswald, of Montreal, which takes place in St. Andrew's church on April 22.

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OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

A N old subject for profitless discussion is the difference between the English of the English and that of Canadians and Americans. Of late we have heard a great deal concerning the different methods employed on both sides of the Atlantic in using and abusing our good mother tongue. An English writer says that the language he hears in America is a puzzle and a surprise. An American writer reports that Englishmen "talk mush-mouth." And so discussion runs in the effort to bring about a uniformity of elegance in speech here and in the old land. Canadians have been scolded, with almost unnecessary severity, it seems to us, by certain British journalists who have come to see if all is well with us, for talking Yankee slang. We too have reported, courteously, we have hoped; expressing, with eager attempts at felicity, the belief that the language we use may be un-English, but that it serves practical purposes.

Mr. H. W. Boynton defends the American vernacular, in an article in *The Bookman*, and in doing so he recalls the fact pointed out years ago by Mr. Richard Grant White—that the speech of men of any two English counties "differs more widely than that of any two of the same race born and bred, however remotely from each other, in this country." And in this connection it is interesting to turn to an essay by Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Memories and Portraits," in which he refers to Mr. White's contention as follows:

"It is not only when we cross the seas that we go abroad; there are foreign parts in England; and the race that has conquered so wide an empire has not yet managed to assimilate the islands from which she sprang. Ireland, Wales, and the Scottish mountains still cling, in part, to their old Gaelic speech. It was but the other day that English triumphed in Cornwall, and they still show in Mansehole, on St. Michael's Bay, the house of the last Cornish-speaking woman. English itself, which will now frank the traveller through the most of North America, through the greater South Sea Islands, in India, along much of the coast of Africa, and in the ports of China and Japan, is still to be heard, in the home country, in half a hundred varying stages of transition. You may go all over the States, and—setting aside the actual intrusion and influence of foreigners, Negro, French, or Chinese—you shall scarce meet with so marked a difference of accent as in the forty miles between Edinburgh and Glasgow, or of dialect as in the hundred miles between Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Book English has gone round the world, but at home we still preserve the racy idioms of our fathers; and every county, in some parts every dale, has its own quality of speech, vocal or verbal. In like manner, local custom and prejudice, even local religion and local law, linger on into the latter end of the nineteenth century—*imperio in imperio*, foreign things at home."

* * *

Q UITE often in a London newspaper one finds the death of some fairly distinguished man—a fine old naval officer, perhaps, or some notable empire-builder—announced in an item of half a dozen lines in an obscure corner of a page. From this one might suppose that in England good men are not sufficiently valued. However, it seems to be the practice of the British press to say what it has to say about prominent men—to make known their personalities and accord them their due measure of praise—while they are yet alive. In Britain the people are far better acquainted with public men, as men, than are the people of Canada. And this, by the way, is no doubt one reason why women there are clamoring for votes—they take more interest in public matters, because they know more about them and about public men than Canadian women do.

* * *

I T is unfortunate that so many well-intentioned people set about doing good in a spirit of intolerance. A pleasant reunion was held at Branksome Hall on Friday evening, April 3, when many of the Senior Third and Fourth Form students of the past five years were entertained by the principals and staff. The formation of an Alumnae Association was discussed and a committee was appointed to carry on the work of organization. The chief feature of the evening's entertainment was a very successful presentation of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," by several of the resident pupils. The following was the cast: Mr. Hardcastle, Edith Anderson, Winnipeg; Tony Lumpkin, Mabel Richardson, (Kingston); Sir Charles Marlow, Kathleen Hazley (Toronto); Young Marlow, Agnes Baird, (Winnipeg); Diggary, Dora Campbell, (Chatham); George Hastings, Grace Morris, (Pembroke); Landlord, Hilda Smith, (Cornwall); Mrs. Hardcastle, Gladys Whyte, (Winnipeg); Miss Hardcastle, Jean Mickleborough, (St. Thomas); Miss Neville, Vera Playter, (Newmarket). After the play refreshments were served, and an opportunity afforded of reviewing old memories and of making new acquaintances. Miss Lillie Shannon kindly favored the company with a vocal solo.

* * *

IT is unfortunate that so many well-intentioned people set about doing good in a spirit of intolerance.



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S P O R T I N G C O M M E N T

DESPITE the schoolboy tactics and farcical counter-attacks that are being used in the present athletic war, the situation is not nearly as funny as it seems. In this country the existence of amateur sport is imperilled by influences having their origin both in Canada and the United States. In the first class we have the so-called Amateur Athletic Federation of Canada. This worthy organization has not even attained the dignity of a wolf in sheep's clothing, its euphonious title, though frankly misleading, is not, in the light of known facts, calculated to deceive the most simple. Its avowed purpose, viz., the mingling of amateurs and professionals in indiscriminate competition, has been apparent from the start, but that should not cause us to blink the fact that it constitutes a real danger. To anyone whose amateur principles are in the least weak-kneed, its gospel makes an insidious appeal, and it should be made perfectly clear that anyone who, for whatever reason, subscribes to the tenets of this organization will be out of amateur company for keeps.

This stand does not necessarily mean a superior attitude toward the out-and-out professional. He has a perfect right to supplement his income in athletic competition, provided he stays within the narrow limits he has laid down for himself. The Federation—which is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring—would let these people wander around indiscriminately, gathering in the coin of the realm when the opportunity offers, or taking a little side trip occasionally into the land of mugs and medals.

It won't do. The amateur is the life of the game, and stubborn facts have proved time and again that the minute the bars are let down to admit the paid man, it's good-bye John to regularity and order, and storm signals are out all along the line.

The situation is further complicated by the butting-in of Jas. E. Sullivan, President of the A. A. U. After the separation of that body from the C. A. A. U., previous to which some pretty hot talk had been exchanged, Mr. Sullivan evidently nursed a feeling of resentment. This was natural, as he was given a pretty stiff Roland for his Oliver on several occasions, but no one imagined for a minute that he would allow a childish pique to obscure his vision to the extent of an alliance with a union of professional clubs masquerading under an amateur alias. But this is precisely what he has done. In the early days of its existence, he referred to the Federation as a "monstrosity," and nothing has occurred since that time to make the term less applicable, but erratic James has seen fit to swallow his sounding periods and frame up an offensive alliance under the nose of the C. A. A. U.

This agreement is not for the good of sport. It is of the earth, earthy, and notwithstanding its apparent futility, constitutes a menace to the existence of amateur sport in Canada. Every move originating in this source will bear watching, and a strong effort should be made to confine the activities of this organization to the district where it had its origin.

THE third indoor athletic meet held by the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, on April 3, was more of a success from a financial standpoint than the preceding ones, and it looks from here as if our statement made some time ago to the effect that the revival in athletics was noticeable only when Longboat was competing has been borne out by the crowded house that made glad the hearts of the Royal Canadians last Friday evening.

The Indian was entered in a two-man team relay race, with Percy Sellen as his partner, and they were hot favorites over their opponents, George Adams and W. F. Cummings. It looked like a walkover for the Big Chief and his partner but, sad to relate, they were trimmed. Adams led Sellen at the finish of their relay by a couple of yards, and Longboat tore away like a sprinter to get even with Cummings; he caught him and gained a big lead on the first few laps but his gait was not suited to the short turns and Cummings won by 50 yards. Longboat took about as long to get around the end as an eight-oared shell does in turning a buoy, and thinks he can do better in the St. Lawrence arena, where he is to have a chance to get back at Cum-

nings at the Olympic tryouts the latter part of this week.

But if the Indian was the drawing card George Goulding's performance in the 3,500 metres walk was the sensation of the evening. This lad, who was making his second appearance as a walker, having won the handicap walk at the last meet, trimmed the Canadian champion, "Chuck" Skene, by half a lap; lapped Major, the winner at the 1907 spring championships, and lacked but a yard or two of lapping A. C. Jewell, who was supposed to be Skene's greatest rival at the pedestrian game. And not only has he speed but his style is perfect. Goulding is the one best bet for the Olympic team, as far as the walkers are concerned.

In the 50-yard sprint, Bobby Kerr showed his true form, winning the first heat and final. The time of the final, 5 3-5 seconds, shows that the little Hamiltonian has nothing to fear from Lukeman, of Montreal, who is credited with 60 yards in 6 2-5 sec.; for any man that can do 50 in 5 3-5 in Riverdale Rink can do some better where there is more room at the finish. It is just about suicidal to hit the tape at top speed when the dress-



Lou Marsh

He is a reporter on the Toronto Star and one of the smartest men in the business. Not liking the way sprinters were running, he peeled off and tried it himself and has already caught up to everybody but Bobby Kerr.

ing room is only 15 yards away. A man just has to slow up or go through the end of the rink. Lou Marsh, from the 7 foot mark, finished second to Kerr in the final, and George Barber, with 6 feet, third.

The closest finish of the evening was in the half mile handicap, when Irving Parkes, W.E., and Harry Smith, Central, both scratch men, ran through their field and made a ding-dong finish to the tape, Parkes winning by inches. These two boys will likely meet again at the trials and should make good.

Twenty-seven entries in the mile novice were far too many for the track, so the committee split it into two races. Woodley, of Varsity, smothered his field in the first winning pulled up, with Neilson, W.E., second and Baxter, W.E., third.

Hotrun, of the Centrals, who has just broken out of the boys' class, captured the other section. This youngster looks like a comer, he shows good judgment and should do well at the outdoor running. Dymond, W.E., was better than the rest and Goford, unattached, annexed the place.

W. S. White, of Hamilton, ran away with the 300 yard novice, and will likely succeed Bobby Kerr when the champion retires.

Adams, of Varsity, ran a great race from scratch in the 1½ mile handicap but couldn't cut down Percy Selby's 10 yard lead. Lister, Centrals, was third.

In the 300 yard handicap, Bobb Kerr couldn't get through the bunch and was beaten by Jno. Small, Centrals, and Thorley, Centrals, to whom he was conceding 25 and 15 yards respectively, in the first heat. Small won the final, with Thorley second and Marsh third.

Fraser, of Hamilton, won the 300 yards boys' race handily, Wells, I. C. A. C., second, and Roy Skene, W. E., third. Fraser seems to be somewhat faster than anyone around Toronto for the kiddie's races, this being his second clean-up.

Jack Tait went against the world's 3 mile indoor record of 14.39 1/3, but failed to do it any damage. The Riverdale Rink track is hardly suitable for record-breaking, but Jack succeeded in establishing a new Canadian mark, his time being 15.20 1/5.

FROM all accounts, that wrestling bout for the world's championship, held in Chicago, must have been an awfully lovely party. Hackenschmidt, the undefeated, quit after two hours of grueling work, and, as a result of Gotch's tactics, was a sight for the gods.

Our friend Hack, made one mistake when he came over. He thought he was going to take part in a wrestling bout, but now he knows differently. In the words of the song, "He's had experience," and a look at himself in the mirror will supply any additional evidence that is necessary. He is not the complete wrestler the world thought he was, and if he desires to keep up with the march of progress, we would advise a year's training with Tommy Burns, using brass knuckles instead of gloves, followed by a post-graduate course on the killing-floor of a Chicago abattoir. This hardening process might cause some discomfort, but one must pay the price for success.

The verdict of the Chicago affair is by no means final. If Hackenschmidt has any sand at all, he will demand a return match, and see to it, if he can, that it takes place a few thousand miles away from Lake Michigan, in some country where the rules of the game have some weight.

* * *

A COUPLE of weeks ago mention was made on this page of the disaster which befell a flock of two hundred swans, which, on their way north, happened to alight in Niagara river and were carried, by the current, over the cataract, where they met death by being swept under the ice, or at the hands of men who slaughtered them. In the Ladies' Home Journal, C. William Beebe, a New York expert, reminds us that but for the birds human life would soon disappear in North America. The birds preserve the balance of nature, eating mice, caterpillars, etc., which would otherwise destroy vegetation. He tells amazing stories of the vast numbers of birds, which migrate north in the spring and south in the fall. As they travel mostly at night we see little of them, but with a pair of opera glasses one may look at the moon when it is full at this time of the year and see great flocks of birds winging north. One instance showing how vast is our total bird population is reported. He says: "A year or two ago, on the prairies of Southwestern Minnesota, a sudden storm arose one night, at about the time that great flocks of Lapland longspurs, those sweet-voiced 'northern bobolinks' of Greenland and Alaska, leave their winter feeding haunts on the prairies of the West and start for their summer home in the far North. Their plumage became clogged with snow, and blinded by the sleet and wind, they lost all sense of direction, flying hither and thither in utmost confusion. The following morning a very conservative estimate of the number of dead birds lying near one small village was a million and a half! This was but a tithe of those strewn over the country, in all directions, within a radius of fifteen hundred square miles."

Perhaps somewhere such a disaster as this, but on a larger scale, overtook our wild pigeons. They may have been caught in a storm and driven out to sea in millions.

* * *

SPEAKING of the new "silent firearm" invented by young Hiram Maxim, the New York Herald says: "In the world of sport it is held by the inventor that the new weapon would render it possible for a man properly concealed to kill at



Tommy Burns

A young Canadian who has been getting his name in the papers of late.

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IN Kansas City the police even arrest on Sunday musicians who give concerts. "But," says the marshal to the grand jury, "several persons who participated in the Philharmonic Orchestra's concert this week got away. We were unable to catch Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and R. Wagner, whose names appeared upon the programme. I would suggest that warrants be issued for them."

TRAILS AND TALES IN COBALT

By W. H. P. JARVIS

"THERE are no people who have been worse misrepresented by the writers in magazines and books than the fellows out West, and there is more utter rot printed each year about the West than would stuff a library."

So speaks Pard, an experienced miner who has prospected all over the West—who has been at Rossland, Dawson, Nome, and Cobalt. He is introduced to us in a book just published, "Trails and Tales in Cobalt," by W. H. P. Jarvis (William Briggs, Toronto). It is such a book as some of us have been waiting for, a simple, unpretentious but genuine volume of anecdote, reminiscence and homespun philosophy dealing with Cobalt, Rossland and Dawson. It is at once fiction and fact. The author has made himself Boswell to his Pardner from the West, who talks in a way rambling but always shrewd. It is a book to be recommended and some extracts will show its quality.

"It seems," continues Pard, "as if every fool of a story-writer who wants to make the hero of his yarn prove himself a goody-goody youth, trots him out West into a mining camp, where Alkali Ikes and Rattlesnake Petes draw guns on him and raise Cain generally the first go off, with the newcomer finally holding prayer-meetings over them and having them converted. Now, I suppose these fellows write these yarns because the public wants them, and the public likes them because they think they are the proper thing, but it ain't so by a long shot. Out West fellows don't carry guns much except when they are in the woods as we are now, or just going into the woods or just coming out of it. A gun is a mighty handy thing in the woods, and I'll tell you some day how I got mixed up with a big bear out in the Selkirks, and how I put him out of business with this gun I carry here. These story fellows like to tell of the rough miners, but you won't find miners and prospectors any more disorderly than any other class of citizen, and they are a hanged sight more honest than most. There were some pretty hard cases out West. I will admit, in early days, but these fellows were there simply because the East was too hot for them. You will seldom find a hard case amongst the prospectors and miners themselves, for prospecting and mining is hard work and it's only honest men that tackle hard work; the tough cases follow to live off of them."

* * *

"As for ore samples, learn to put absolutely no store by them. They are used to catch suckers ninety-nine times out of the hundred. In the first place, a sample tells you but very little, and with gold they are so easily salted. As for assays, what values can be got out of specimen pieces of a vein has nothing to do with what a carload of ore will run; it is the carload lot that tells the tale, and then if you are buying the mine you have got to figure pretty close how many carloads of ore just the same are in sight."

"If you put some gold dust down a hole in the rock and put the dynamite on top of it, you will find the explosion of the powder will drive the gold into the rock and make real pretty specimens. If you want to be real clever, put some chloride of gold into the dynamite you give the expert to blast out his own sample with and you'll probably fool him. The old coarse way of salting was by soaking the samples in chloride of gold solution, but this is rather stale now; however, it is wonderful how much can be done by it, and I remember meeting the fellow who signed a check for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars as purchase price of an extension of the big Treadwell deposit on Douglas Island, Alaska. He told me he was working for wages in a broker's office in Rossland. The fellows who put up this job simply soaked the diamond drill cores in chloride solution. If you go to sample a mine sleep with the samples tied round your neck, or they will switch them on you or salt them."

"Of course, when a mining man paid a great big price to examine a mine, he is supposed to know enough not to let himself get salted, but there is a case reported from the Black Hills where the leading man of his day was done up. When he and his assistant went to the mine they asked for a room with a key to it, and they went down in the mine alone, broke off their samples and came up and locked them up. It was a mine which had been extensively developed, and they were over a month getting their samples, which, when they were broke, would be tied in buckskin sacks and sealed up. The time came for testing the samples, which was done by a trusted assayer, and they were all found to run nicely, not too high

Know Him?

I WONDER if you've ever met that awful pest—the fellow who is so afraid some one will get More praise than he's entitled to. You praise a friend for sterling traits,

The pest sits there with jaws close shut;

But when at last he speaks he says: "Yes, he's a grand good fellow, but—"

It's so with anything on earth. When you its merits would extol—The novel that has made a hit.

The play that draws applause from all,

The pest will smile a sickly smile,

And when he speaks he says, "Tut tut,

It is a decent piece of work—

A decent piece of work, but—but—"

—New York Sun.

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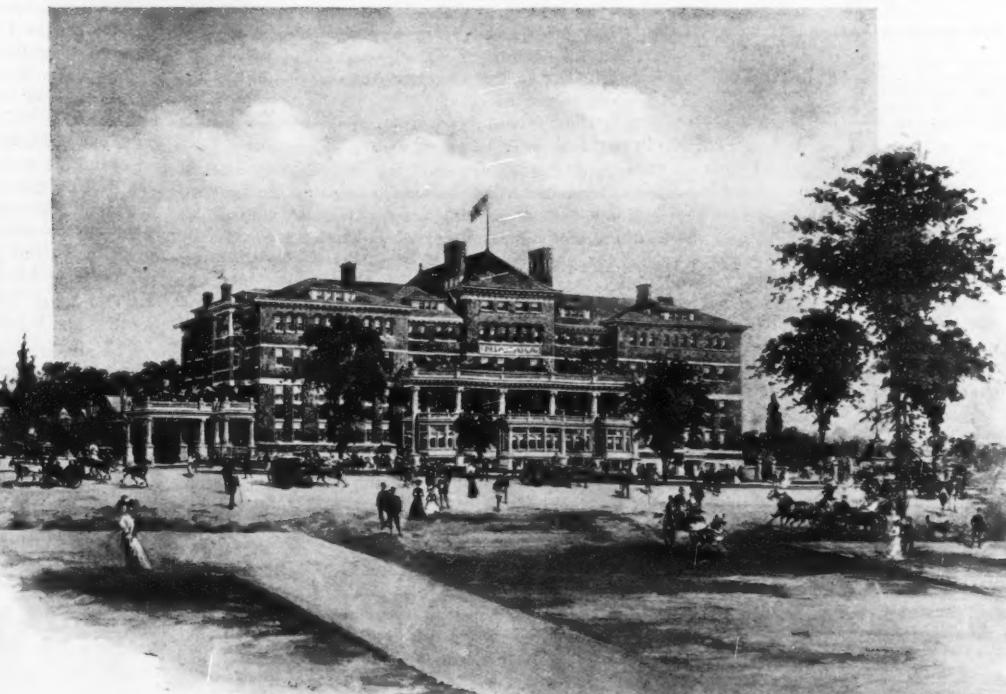
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The following bits of marine conversation may be heard several thousand times each day:

1. "I think those people down in the steerage have a much better time than we do. But don't they look just like so many animals?"

2. "Don't those clouds over there look just like land?"

3. "Somebody said we aren't far from an iceberg, but I don't know whether it's so or not. You hear so many false reports on shipboard."

4. "Have you met the captain yet? I hope you didn't ask him any foolish questions, poor man!"

5. "No, I haven't seen a whale yet, but there were lots of porpoises

around the ship to-day."

6. "Who is that man? I haven't seen him before. He must have come on board during the night." (Always funny.)

7. "Did the postman bring you anything this morning?" (Sure of a howl.)

8. "Is this your first trip to Eur-

ope? My, but you have a treat in store!"—Princeton Tiger.

"I haven't seen a drunken man since I've been here," declared the visitor to the prohibition state. "Oh, we are not ostentatious," exclaimed the Georgia man.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 11, 1908. No. 26

?• Points About People •?

A Writer of Good Out-of-Door Stories.

A STORY of the river-drivers, "Dave Mackenzie's Peavey," by Sid Howard, is featured in Recreation for April. This young Toronto writer bobs up every little while in the magazines devoted to the out-of-doors doing; sometimes it is a tale of the moose hunt in Northern Ontario wilds; sometimes a record of caribou-chasing in Newfoundland; most often it is a wholesome yarn of trout fishing, wherein is set forth the lure of the nearer wilds, the charm of the week's outing that is within the experience of most of his readers. These stories continue to grow in literary quality and in interest.

The present one deals with a river crew on the Ottawa, and the proud zeal of young Mackenzie in taking care of his peavey, the lumberman's prized implement, to lose which would be an enduring disgrace. Old Ben Mackenzie, his father, is "a man of two hundred and twenty pounds, with a back like a door, a chest like a barrel, and a voice like the Chaudiere. A little rough, perhaps, but when he speaks the occasion is imminent, and men jump. From that cavern of a chest words come forth like a storm. He stands over six feet in height, straight and solid, solemne as a mountain." Young Dave is a chip of the old block, and after the tragedy of the drive, which costs him and his companions their lives, the beloved peavey is found where he had pitched it with a mammoth toss, high and dry among the stranded logs. Strong photographs by the author and others accompany the story.

His Opinion of Sir John.

IN 1882 Sir John Macdonald was a candidate for two constituencies—those of Lennox and Carleton. It was expected that he would have a walk-over in Lennox, but the Opposition developed such strength that the old chieftain felt compelled to spend the greater part of the two weeks before election in that constituency. It was a hot contest and excitement ran high. Many of the older residents had known Sir John from boyhood—some when he "clerked" in a store in East Napanee, and others when he was a bare-footed school boy in Adolphustown. Among the latter was a retired farmer of U.E. Loyalist stock, whose name was "Gus" O——. He was a very strong Reformer and ready at all times to discuss politics.

Sir John had an excellent memory for old acquaintances, and he never met one without a greeting of some kind. Passing the office of The Express, the local Liberal newspaper in Napanee, one morning shortly before election day, he saw Gus standing in the doorway, talking with some friends.

"Hello, Gus; you alive yet?" was Sir John's greeting, adding, "I thought you bad enough Grit to be dead and buried long ago."

"Yes, Sir John, I'm alive yet, and expect to live long enough to put a nail in your political coffin."

Some further sallies passed between the two, when finally Gus got off this shot:

"Sir John, when you and I went to school in Adolphustown you were the worst boy in the section, and I'm darning if you haven't grown up to be the worst man in Canada."

Sir John gave vent to a merry laugh, and in passing on remarked, "The same old 'Gus'!"

Entertaining an Actress.

IT is well known that noted actresses who play long and exacting roles are nearly always inaccessible to all except their most intimate friends. By this means only do they secure that opportunity for rest and study absolutely necessary to them in their work. The woman who accepts many social attentions shows the result in jaded performances. After a woman has become really famous it is not necessary for her to grant interviews, because they have no effect on the box office receipts. Consequently most of them live quiet, secluded lives when off the stage. One of the most inaccessible of all

artists while she was on the stage was the famous comedienne, Ada Rehan, and a ludicrous story is told of the desire of a young man, now famous in Canada as a public official, to meet her.

More than ten years ago the late Augustin Daly brought his whole company, with Miss Rehan at its head, to Toronto for a series of Shakespearian revivals. The young man in question was at that time engaged in newspaper work here, and became infatuated with the art of the brilliant woman. He conceived the idea that he must meet her and importuned the manager of the theatre where she was playing.

"Well, you know Miss Rehan never grants interviews," said the manager, "it is one of Daly's rules that the members of his company shall not give interviews to the press."

"Oh, I don't want to write an interview," said the youth. "I want to meet her socially, to offer her some entertainment."

At that time there were none of the handsome grill rooms in Toronto to which people now resort after the play. Nor were night restaurants numerous, the most acceptable being Sam Chivrell's old eating place on King street, where the bill of fare was steak and onions, and where all sorts and conditions of men whose business, legitimate or otherwise, took them out after midnight, resorted.

The manager, therefore, had a quizzical smile when he asked: "What do you mean by entertainment?"

"I mean to take her to supper," said the young man. "Where?" queried the theatrical man.

"Why, to Chivrell's. We could have a steak, and," he added with an air of magnanimity, "Daly could come too, if he liked."

Needless to say the social meeting did not take place.

* * *

A Portrait of Dr. W. B. Geikie.

ON Tuesday evening, at the meeting of the Toronto Academy of Medicine, a number of the graduates of the old Trinity Medical College presented Dr. Walter B. Geikie, who for sixteen years was dean of the faculty, with a fine oil portrait of himself, painted by Mr. J. W. L. Forster. Dr. Geikie accepted the portrait, and at the close of his speech of acceptance, formally presented the painting to the Toronto Academy of Medicine. Dr. Geikie said in part:

"I regard this presentation as a fresh and marked evidence, that the hearts of our graduates continue to beat, as my own does, with mingled pleasure and pride, as we think of the magnificent work Trinity Medical College did for practical medical education during the long and useful years of her existence. No wonder that my whole heart was given to promoting and stimulating so great and so grand a work. It is, however, and I think our graduates will all agree with me, very largely, perhaps chiefly, to commemorate the glorious and long continued usefulness of our College, that this presentation is now made. The numerous high positions our graduates occupy where they are practising their profession, and the eminence attained by so many of them, in Canada and elsewhere, bear testimony stronger than any words of mine can do, to the excellence of the professional training they received within her walls. I may here mention as illustrating this fact the well-known names of Professors Alex. H. Ferguson of Chicago, Teskey and G. A. Bingham of Toronto, who with many others are eminent as surgeons. Did time permit I could give many names of men in Canada and elsewhere who are distinguishing themselves in various branches of the profession." Before closing his remarks Dr. Geikie said: "A college like ours was worth the labor of many lives."

* * *

The Lady and the Fish.

OUT west the milk of human kindness leads people into strange and devious paths, in the desire that all that lives and moves shall be treated with proper care. Winnipeg has a Humane Society, which endeavors to protect dumb brutes from human rage and brutality (writes our western anecdotalist), and a story is told of one over-zealous member of the organization who carried the demand for kindness rather far.

Passing by the window of a fish store on Portage avenue one day an aged lady was horrified, when gazing at some of the finny specimens lying on ice in full view of the public, to see a fish move its tail. Filled with righteous indignation she entered the store and before the proprietor and vendor of fish could manage to ascertain what was wrong he was treated to a strenuous dissertation on the rights and wrongs of fish in general. When the storm abated somewhat he went to the fish in the window, but never move could he get out of it, no matter how hard he tried. Nevertheless, as he would not take the head off the fish, the irate protector called in a policeman to see if the law would not support her.

The hobby looked over the situation, took the name of the proprietor, and made a few notes in the little notebook he carried. "I'll report the matter, ma'am," he assured the lady, as he left the store, concealing with difficulty the smile which was struggling to his face.

* * *

A Western Ontario Pioneer.

THE death of "Chris" Kress, of Preston Springs, whose name was Christian, and not Christopher, as some of the daily papers had it, removes one of the best-known and (when he chose to unbosom himself) one of the most interesting figures in Western Ontario. The hundreds

who have gone to Preston seeking ease from rheumatic pains knew him well, but to too few did he unbosom himself. He carried within his memory, however, the history of the commercial development of Western Ontario since the time before the railroads went through. The point where the hotels and baths, now so well known, are located is a meeting place of winding roads that branch off in various directions, to Galt and Hespeler, to Blair and Doon, to Breslau, Berlin and Elmira. It is in a sense the core of prosperous Waterloo county, and at this point Christian Kress kept hotel and livery when men that are now aged started their business careers as commercial travelers in Western Ontario. Even after the main line of the Grand Trunk was built it was years before that section became the grill-work of railroads that it is now and the

travellers, as well as the carriers who delivered goods to the towns and settlements, were obliged to have frequent changes of horses.

Christian Kress, whose North American Hotel was situated at such an important juncture of the highways, saw the profit of maintaining a great stable, full of good horses for hire to his guests. His hotel was constantly filled with travellers coming and going from the important distribution points of Toronto, Hamilton and London. The increase in railroad facilities gradually reduced or made unnecessary the delivery of goods by wagon and the use of rigs by travellers, but during those early years the mineral waters had been trickling out of the great hillside across the road, on which stood Walder's general store, miring the roadway in front of the hotel, and emptying into the River Speed beyond.

The German farmers set great store by its properties, and used to carry it away in bottles, but there was no thought of developing its commercial possibilities. The younger generation, however, was more alert, and about twenty years ago the sons of old Walder and of "Chris" Kress conceived the idea of building the two large hotels and creating the health resort as it now exists. The old man could never quite appreciate the change from the hospitable inn, and the store that was a meeting place of gossips, to the two big edifices run on city lines that took their place at the old cross roads. He found his chief enjoyment in driving to the station to meet guests, but then modern improvement took a new step, and an electric railroad rendered the cab driven by himself unnecessary. His delight was in horses and in driving them, and to the last there was one pleasure he would not deny himself, even though he was rated a man of very considerable wealth, and it was that of driving his cab at every important funeral in the neighborhood.

Though taciturn by disposition his heart was full of kindness to those who treated him with the respect due to his years. His peculiar habit of thinking in German and trying to express himself in English made his conversation very droll. A few years ago a small summer orchestra was engaged at his hotel, and when the members arrived it was found that it was necessary to tune the piano up to orchestra pitch—that is about half a tone higher than the ordinary piano tuned for household use. The old man could not grasp the peculiar problem involved, and after the change had been accomplished he could not get it out of his head that if the piano was played on without orchestra accompaniment it would by some subtle process destroy the pitch. One day a musician, well-known throughout Canada, who was staying at the hotel, sat down at the keyboard and commenced to play for the pleasure of the many invalid guests. The old man came to him hurriedly and in his peculiar accent protested:

"You must not play dat biano, dat biano has been tooned. Dat biano is to make moosic of!"

The musician arose and stalked away in high dudgeon that his humble efforts were not considered music.

* * *

The Sheffield Choir's Visit.

THE cities of Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, and the Board of Trade of Ottawa have already decided to extend cordial welcome to the famous Sheffield Choir upon the occasion of its coming visit to Canada next November. The choir will leave Sheffield on October 23, and, taking a special train to Greenock, will embark upon the new steamer Grampian, of the Allan line, which has been specially chartered for their accommodation. The choir is expected to arrive in Montreal on November 2. There it will be given an official welcome by Mayor Payne and the Board of Trade.

The itinerary arranged is as follows: Montreal, November 2 and 3; Ottawa, November 4; Toronto, November 5, 6 and 7. Here the choir will be entertained by the Mayor and Council of the city, by the Board of Trade, by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, by the Mendelssohn Choir, by the Clef Club, and by the University of Toronto.

Niagara Falls will be visited November 8; London, November 9, and Hamilton, November 10.

The choir will embark for England from Montreal on November 13.

* * *

Naming the King.

JAMES L. HUGHES, chief inspector of the Public Schools of Toronto, received quite an unexpected answer to a question a few days ago.

Accompanied by others interested in education. Inspector Hughes paid a visit one evening to the night school classes for Macedonians at Sackville street school.

In these classes the Macedonians have gained varying degrees of proficiency in the use of English, but perhaps their greatest feat is that in a surprisingly short time they have learned to sing, quite creditably, our national anthem.

The Macedonians having sung "God Save the King," Inspector Hughes obtained permission to question them.

"Who is our gracious king?" he asked.

Silence reigned supreme for a few moments, and then one Macedonian cried out: "Roosevelt."

Many others in the class laughed, for, although they could not name our king, they knew quite well that terrible Teddy is not he.

"London," was the guess of another man. This was getting nearer, and at last, being on the right track, one of the men said: "King Edward."

* * *

Punshon's Oratory.

THE name of Dr. Morley Punshon, the noted preacher and orator, will not soon be forgotten in Canada. Mr. William Blakemore, editor of the excellent magazine, Westward Ho! published at Vancouver, writes entertainingly of Dr. Punshon in the current issue of that monthly. He recalls the fact that for twenty years Dr. Punshon held an unrivaled and almost unchallenged position as pulpit and platform orator. Of this time he spent some six years in Canada, and in those religious circles of Ontario which were honored by his services, his memory is fondly cherished. Mr. Blakemore adds:

"My taste is cosmopolitan. I have heard the great Bishop Wilberforce; subsequently Gavazzi, Bishop Magee of Peterborough, Sir Robert Peel, Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Lightfoot, Disraeli, Gladstone, John Bright, Joseph Cowen, Henry Vincent, James Arthur Roebuck, Leon Gambetta, Lord Randolph Churchill, Thomas Sexton, Hugh Price Hughes, Lloyd George, and many others who escape my memory just now, but who perhaps should be in fairness added to this list. I think, however, that in many respects, Morley Punshon was more truly an orator than any of them."

"Dr. Punshon was in his physical prime a magnificent looking man. He was big, tall and broad, slightly inclined to stoutness, with a leonine head and a wealth of chestnut hair, which had a slight tendency to curl. His head had

that rare dome shape which is majestic without being heavy. He was clean shaven, and his face at once suggested a resemblance to the great Bishop of Oxford whom I have already mentioned. It was by no means as heavy, and there was no trace of that peculiar contraction of the eyebrows and forehead which gave to the expression of Wilberforce an habitual scowl. It was only when Punshon's face was in repose that any resemblance could be detected, but when he began to speak his hazel eye flashed and his whole face lit up, and from the first word to the last, with gesture and look, as well as with voice, the whole man was alive and thrilling with energy and emotion. One can never forget his dignified bearing. He stood up with the very air of distinction and nobility; every movement was both natural and graceful; his gestures, all unstudied, were at once the most natural and effective I have ever seen."

Mr. Blakemore had an interview with Dr. Punshon in England shortly before his death, going to see him regarding a lecture which the orator, stricken by his last illness, could not deliver. He says: "As we parted, I tried to cheer him up and expressed the hope that he would soon recover, but he knew better, and did not for a moment attempt to deceive himself. He shook his head, grasped my hand, and in very quiet but self-possessed tones, said: 'My lad, this is good-bye.' And so it proved."

Sayings of the Infant Prodigy.

THE following story is told of a bright Toronto lad, who was a little fellow seven or eight years ago, when Queen Victoria passed away. The family being ultra-loyal, the youngster had been taught to sing "God Save the Queen," and shortly after Her Majesty's decease was chanting the national anthem to himself. His mother called him to her side and said:

"Willy, you should sing it, 'God Save our Gracious King,' after this."

"Why, mamma?" asked the boy.

"Because Queen Victoria is dead and her son is now the King."

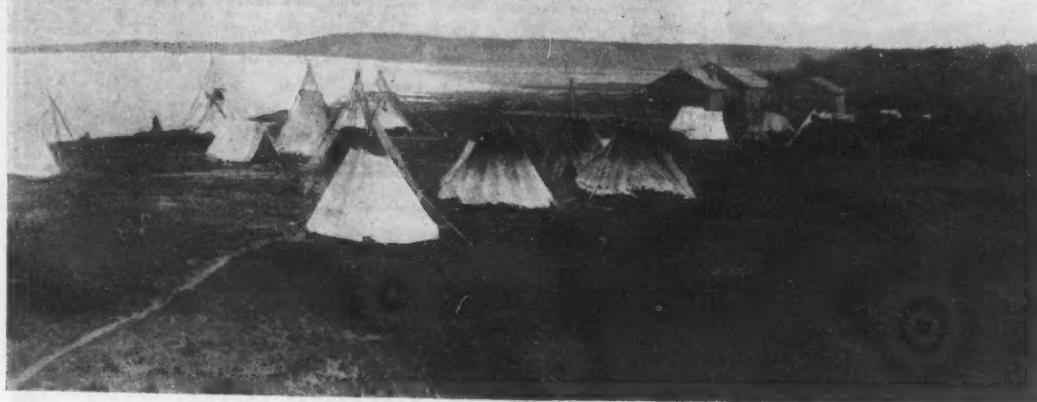
"Well mamma," he replied, "if the Queen is dead, ought I to sing, 'God Save the Jack'?"

Another veracious little tale of the nursery will perhaps appeal to the parents who read this page.

A baby girl of three was pleading with her mother for an additional allowance of cake. Finally the parent relented and said: "Well, darling, you may have a little more," and proceeded to cut off a small slice.

THE FUR HARVEST OF THE NORTH

By GEORGE F. CHIPMAN



INDIAN CAMP IN SUMMER NEAR FORT SIMPSON.

HARVEST time with the thermometer registering sometimes sixty degrees below zero does not have an alluring aspect, and yet right here in Canada at the present moment the harvest season is in full swing and the crop is being garnered to the storehouses. Not in the region of No. 1 hard wheat is the golden product being gathered, but far beyond the fertile prairies and up where the mighty Mackenzie drains an empire and empties into the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean is the field of labor. It is the fur harvest and the harvesters are native Indians and halfbreeds, who have long lived in that frost-bound region and have come to regard it as their own. These primitive peoples labor now that in the course of another year the pelts of Canada's furbearing animals in the far North may be wrought up and sent forth into the world to adorn the shoulders of the noble and beautiful of the empire.

As soon as possible after the festivities of the New Year have been cleared away the Indian hunters and their families take to the wood and the beaver hunt begins in real earnest. During the fall and early winter they have been on the lookout for beaver dams, and when one is found its location is carefully jotted down indelibly on the "tablets of enduring memory," so that when the fur is ripe the hunters may return to the scene and ruthlessly break up the happy family that is safely housed for the winter. Woe betide the little animal whose habitation built with the supernatural instinct with which the beaver is endowed, falls beneath the eye of the native Indian hunter. It only means so much more clothing and tobacco to the Indian, and the beaver gets no credit for being ingenious and cunning. When the beaver house is "spotted" the Indian at once begins operations, and the first work done is to build a dam across the river, about thirty yards above the house and another dam at a similar distance below the house. The method of building the dam is very simple and rapid. A narrow opening is cut through the ice clear across the river, and through this opening stakes are driven so closely together that a beaver could not pass between them. Then all is ready for the harvest.

While the dams are building the beaver houses are left strictly alone, for the little fellows might sniff danger and retire from the field while yet there was time. It is the cunning of the Indian against that of the beaver, and it is needless to say which triumphs. When all is ready the beaver house is invaded, and this most shy and modest of creatures forsakes his fancied security and takes to his native element—water—where he feels that nothing can harm him. When the house is empty the Indian sets traps at the doorway into the water, so that if the beaver returns he will be caught; then the Indian looks about to discover the different hiding places in between the rows of stakes where the beavers might hide under the banks. By pounding on the roof of these holes under the banks the beaver is again frightened into the water, and stakes are driven before each hiding-place in turn, so there is nothing but the open water in which to hide. There is only one avenue of escape, and that is back into the house, where the trap awaits all comers. The usual method, however, is to cut a hole in the ice near one of the hiding places under the bank. The stakes are then removed from the entrance under the bank. The beaver, all unsuspectingly, again starts for the old hiding place, and as he pauses at the hole cut in the ice he meets with hidden destruction. The wily Indian has let a sharpened

hook down into the water on the end of a long pole, and as the beaver comes to the hole in the ice one quick jerk lands him out on the ice, where a blow from the axe ends his career.

By this clever scheme the entire occupants of the beaver house are generally killed, for the Indian is never in a hurry, and will spend all the time required to bag all his game. As high as fourteen beavers have been found in one house, ranging in age from cute youngsters to hoary veterans of many winters. Sometimes Indians cannot resist the temptation

to kill the beavers when they find the dams earlier in the season before the cold weather arrives. This practice has practically died out during later years, having been discouraged by traders who will not pay a high price for such furs of inferior grade.

The beaver is by no means the only game the Indian secures during the winter, but before going with him to other hunting it might be well to see how he prepares for the winter hunt. During the summer, when there are no furs to gather, the Indian tepees are pitched along the banks of a river or stream a few miles from the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here they lie in wait for the lordly moose, who is driven from his haunts in the woods by the fierce attacks of the native "bulldog" flies, which are not mis-named. With the repeating rifles, which many of the northern Indians carry during late years, they get a goodly number of moose. From the streams their nets of native manufacture bring them plenty of fish, and the two courses

furnish a menu which satisfies the desires and cravings of the Indian's stomach. When the supply of fish and venison secured is more than is required for immediate consumption the Indian's servant—his wife—sets about to dry the extra provision for the market. The drying process means a great deal of work, but time has no significance to the Indian, and less than ever when he considers his wife, so the work goes on. Large racks are made of poles, and the venison is cut in long thin strips and hung where the sun and wind will dry out all moisture. The fish is dried in the same manner. It happens sometimes in warm weather that the meat does not cure well, but even when such is the case the product is not wasted on that account. When the meat is all prepared the squaws must busy themselves in the manufacture of moccasins or headwork for trade. Their skill in this work is well known and before modern competition displaced them these articles were a source of revenue to the traders who secured them at moderate prices from the Indians.

When the cool nights and short days come round the moosekin lodges are pitched without the stockade at the nearest trading post along the bank of the Mackenzie river. The Indians then set about to barter their dried meat, moccasins and headwork, and what ever else they may have of value to the trader. In return they get mostly clothing—never money, as the Indian has now no use for that medium of exchange. The Indian drives a hard bargain and haggles over the price of goods. As when hunting he has plenty of time at his disposal and spends about three weeks getting his winter goods together.

Tobacco is to the northern Indian a necessity, and he wants the strongest that can be procured. This, with a few cheap pipes and some matches looks good to him for happy times in the winter. Tea is the next luxury, and

when these two have been secured he stocks up with ammunition and clothing.

Now all business is over and the Indians with their families start for their hunting grounds. They pile their goods and lodges in canoes, and either by paddling or "tracking" they often go as far as one hundred miles before they find a place that suits them. If the ultimate hunting ground happens to be near a river the old lodge is hauled from the canoe and pitched, but if the Indian means to go far inland he caches his canoe and tent and makes anew when he camps. Then with all portable goods strapped on the backs of his dogs and squaw and trapper treks inland. The Indian scorns to carry a load when his faithful spouse is with him, notwithstanding the fact that she may be carrying a papoose, and it is surprising what one of these Indian women can carry on their backs for long miles without a murmur.

Finally, after long tramping the camp is fixed by some waterway, where a supply of fish may be secured for food for man and dog. Camp is at once made for the night, and any provisions that the dogs might injure are placed in a secure position in the fork of a tree and the squaw prepares a resting place for the night. The temporary camp is first erected and is well done, for the Indians take care to keep warm. Green spruce boughs are piled together to make a back for the camp, from which the heat from the fire in front will be reflected: a rousing fire is built in front and the tea kettle is hung over the flames. During the time the squaw is making camp the Indian is away setting rabbit snares, and the chances are good that he has several bunnies before bedtime, and is thus sure of fresh meat for breakfast. Should it happen that the Indian runs across fresh moose tracks while he is setting his snares he leaves everything and takes the trail, leaving his wife to look after herself and the children. Oftentimes he will follow the moose for two or three days and rarely fails to shoot him. He stays with the carcass long enough to eat the head—for Indian hunters must always eat the heads of the moose they shoot. If the squaw were allowed to eat a part of the moose head then never again, according to Indian superstition, will the Nimrod be successful in the hunt. If the animal has been shot anywhere near the camp the Indian drags in the carcass; but oftener, particularly if the game is secured before snowfall, the camp is moved to the carcass. The squaw then has the additional work of drying the extra meat while the husband continues setting snares. These are usually set with twine, as the intense cold of the northern winter renders the ordinary wire useless.

A supply of fish for winter must be secured before the Indian can get down to the real winter hunt, so he dams up the stream near which he has located his camp and leaves only a narrow chute constructed of poles from which the bark has been removed. At the lower end of the chute a large basket is hung wherein the fish are caught as they pass through or else a native scoop net is used for the same purpose. When caught the fish are strung on sticks in tens—the sticks passing through the tails, so that when hung head downward the juices of the body may escape, which renders the product very palatable. This "hung fish," if caught in winter and frozen makes splendid food; but if caught in warm weather it will often become putrid. It is used for food for man and dogs, and none is wasted whether in a good state of preservation or not.

By this time the winter food has been prepared and likely there has been a good fall of snow, so the Indian hunter takes a native farewell of his squaw and family—leaving her to do all the work she can—and starts out to set his line of traps for the winter catch. Very often he will set as many as 150 traps in the course of fifty miles before he returns to camp. Probably as many as a dozen of the traps are of steel, which are mostly used for fox, fisher, wolverine and otter; for the larger animals the deadfall is the Indian trap. With the first snowfall there is always the chance of tracking a bear to his winter home, and if the Indian is fortunate in this respect bruin is equally unfortunate, for he is rudely disturbed and when he comes out to see what manner of person dares to waken him from his winter sleep he receives a blow from an axe or a bullet crashes into his sleepy head and his hide becomes a part of the fur harvest.

When the entire line of traps and deadfalls has been set the Indian will make the round of them all in three days generally. If he has a son of ten years or older he takes the lad along to instruct him in the ways of the hunt. If younger the boy remains at home and assists his mother by carrying wood and water and tending camp. The Indian when tending traps carries as little trappings as possible. Tobacco and pipe are of course a part of his outfit, and he has a small axe, tea and a small kett'e. On his arm he carries his rifle, and the remainder of his dried meat and frozen fish is wrapped in his blanket and strapped to his dog sled. One blanket is all that the native hunter asks for if the thermometer is not lower than 40 degrees below zero. The dog team consists of strong and wiry huskies, and they are trained to obey the slightest wish of their master.

The lynx must nearly always be caught in snares as the shrewd fellow is not easily enticed by bait. Mink and martens are captured by the smell of fish heads which are a great luxury to them and are used as bait. In the spring the bears are often taken in deadfalls, set near their winter den or near to streams where fish are plentiful. Strong smelling meat is used as a bait for bruin, and over it is sprinkled honey or other sweet stuff which appeals to the bear's epicurean tastes.

The Indian hunter has his enemies just as all good crops are ruined by some insect or fly. The Indian's foe is the wolverine, and this little animal represents to the aborigine all that is mean and despicable. He will follow the trail of the hunter and with almost human instinct steal the bait from the traps without springing them; he will undermine a deadfall for the little bit of frozen fish used for bait, and again will often spring the traps out of pure "cussedness." John Macdougall, the veteran missionary in the Northwest, tells how hard it is to secure meat from the wolverine. Some food was placed at the end of a long smooth pole and this was laid against the trunk of a branchless tree. The wolverine climbed a neighboring tree and jumped at the bag. He did this repeatedly, sticking his claws into the bag and then falling into the snow. At last he tore out the bottom of the bag and the food fell to the ground and he carried off the frozen fish and cached them in another place for his future use.

The general rule of Indian hunting applies during the entire winter; if moose tracks are seen they must be followed. During the intermissions between visiting traps the Indian snares rabbits, and if he is not more than thirty or forty miles from a trading post he sends in word to the trader that he has several hundred bunnies on hand. The trader will send out a dog team and bring in from 270 to 300 rabbits at a single load.

But little has ever been written of the hardships of the Indian women in the northland—or probably the women do

not regard them as hardships. The Indian superstition—Christianity has not eradicated this evil—falls most heavily on the women. During certain seasons, or when carrying a child less than a month old, the squaw must not be allowed to ride in the canoe with her husband nor even to walk in his footsteps. Though the snow be deep she must break a new path, and if it is necessary that she be taken upon the water an outrigger is built upon which she sits. If there are two canoes a platform is built between them for the use of the squaw. In the wigwam the woman must never step over the feet of her lord and master, and if by any chance she should step on his knife or on any article belonging to him, it is at once destroyed. Another superstition demands that if any person dies in an Indian house that home must be destroyed, no matter if a good one and recently built.

When the great winter hunt is over preparations are made for the return to the trading posts where the furs caught can be traded with the white men. There will also be a quantity of dressed buckskin if the Indian has been successful in securing a goodly number of moose. If the Indian has by good luck picked one or two silver fox skins his cargo will be a valuable one and he will live in luxury during the whole summer, and look ahead to the cold days and long nights when he will again take to the woods. Thus goes the round of life with the Indian hunter; he is satisfied and wants but little.

A Personal View of Lord Tweedmouth.

CURRENT LITERATURE, of New York, in the course of an article upon the Kaiser-Tweedmouth incident, says:

The letter, which was rather brief, gave an analysis of the German navy, upon which was based the deduction that the fleet of Great Britain is five times as strong. His Majesty proceeded to argue that the German fleet cannot be deemed a menace to Great Britain. Consequently there is no need to increase the British naval programme. The tone of the communication was delightfully personal, Lord Tweedmouth replying in the same spirit. Here the matter might have ended but for the military expert of the London Times. This journalist happens to be well known at a certain club much frequented by Lord Tweedmouth, who showed the Emperor's letter to a group of naval officers at luncheon one day. The matter formed part of the tit-tattle of the club for some days before the outside world heard anything about it. The Jingo element for which the club is famous became greatly annoyed.

Nothing beyond a desire to correct misapprehensions in the British mind regarding the naval policy of Berlin was in the mind of William II. when he wrote Lord Tweedmouth, the world is assured authoritatively by the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung. Nevertheless, according to the detached impression of the Paris Debats, the German potentate has committed a blunder of the variety which has been denounced as worse than a crime. It has set all England ablaze with the fury of a suspicion that the head of the house of Hohenzollern has actually striven in secret to influence the development of British policy in a matter concerning which there have always been loud professions of British independence. The Suddeutsche Reichszeitung, a paper in most intimate touch with sources of official information, says the Emperor simply "wrote a hasty intimate note" to Lord Tweedmouth, "as a sympathetic friend," offering to prove that the German fleet is a mere toy squadron compared with that which flies the British flag. "He had a perfect right as a naval expert, which he is recognized in England to be, to take this step." His Majesty repudiates all intention of influencing Tweedmouth.

Lord Tweedmouth, who plays Faust to Emperor William's Mephistopheles in this epistolary tragedy, was very famous in the days when the world knew him as plain Mr. Edward Marjoribanks—pronounced Marshbanks. He married a daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, and his sister married the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Tweedmouth inherited his title—not an ancient one by any means—some fourteen years ago, acquiring with it an immense estate of some six thousand acres in Berwickshire, where he dwells in truly baronial splendor at Hutton Castle. His town house in Portman Square has witnessed little in the way of entertaining since the death of his wife some few years ago. Lord Tweedmouth is rapidly approaching the age of sixty. His close cropped beard has whitened, like the patch of hair above his ear on either side of the uncompromisingly bald head. His very great ability is somewhat obscured by his complete lack of showy qualities

The Newsboys' Strike.

A DEPUTATION of newsboys called on the editor of Saturday Night the other day to ask that a statement of their case, in connection with their strike against The Sunday World, be presented to the public in these columns. When the callers were asked why this journal should interfere in such a dispute, the spokesman replied that they had to do business at a profit, but could not win their fight without the support of public opinion, and believed they had a right to have their case stated in the public press. Here we see how far-reaching are the theories of democracy. The boys claim that The Sunday World, although a good seller, is on the market for about three hours only, while other five-cent papers are saleable for two days. This, they say, imposes a risk on the newsboy. He must run risks—he must invest in a large bundle because he wants to sell all he can, and the time is short. But if he has unsold copies in excess of twenty per cent. of his purchase, he cannot return them but must bear the loss. "It is true," said the spokesman, "that some of us have worked up good businesses in selling papers, but we've had to work for years to do it, and mind our business all the time."

Pearls Before Swine.

A MONG the humorous stories that seldom get beyond the confines of musical societies is an anecdote related by Theodore Thomas at a banquet shortly before his death, says a contributor to Lippincott's.

"My early years," said Mr. Thomas, "were devoted to much fiddling and to composition. One morning, while reading a German newspaper published in a small village near Chicago, my eye caught the following advertisement:

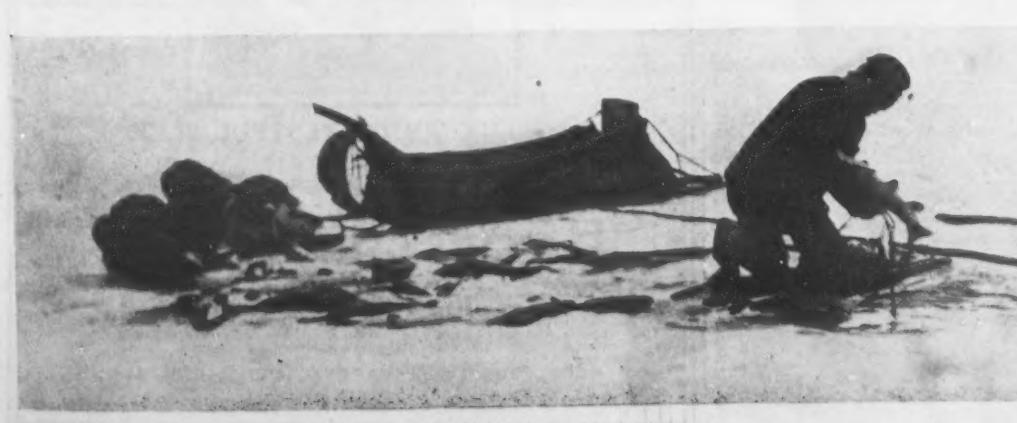
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"Though astonished at the audacity of the man, whom I had never heard of before, I decided to test his ability. I therefore sent him the 'lead sheet' of one of my own concert waltzes, along with a letter requesting that he advise me what he would charge to arrange it for orchestra. I signed a fictitious name to the missive, of course. Two days later I received the following:

"Letter and MS. at hand. Have tried your waltz. Will arrange it for fifteen dollars, but will write you a better one for five."



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IN THE LAST WEST

NOT the least of the terrors of life in a vast, thinly populated region is the absence of doctors and hospitals. It is bad enough to live on an Ontario farm, ten or twelve miles from the nearest physician; but when, in the great, scarce-habited west, the settler finds himself completely isolated—hundreds of miles from any healing hand—he has his health and life in precarious keeping. Mr. Elihu Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, in making a report to the Dominion Government on a trip down the Mackenzie and up the Yukon rivers in 1906, states that the people living in the vast region through which he travelled are much in need of medical aid. He says:

"At very many of the points visited we were implored for advice and for medicine by the sick. Many having chronic diseases which simple surgical treatment would cure, are compelled to live out a shortened existence, for no physician except by merest chance ever visits them. The Department of Indian Affairs has physicians who attend to the medical wants of those Indians that are under treaty, but throughout the whole valley of the Mackenzie river, from Great Slave lake to the sea, nearly a thousand miles, being outside of treaty limits, there is no physician to be had. Surely the people of this country would endorse any action that the government might take to induce a few medical men to reside in those far outlying districts and afford medical relief where it is so much required."

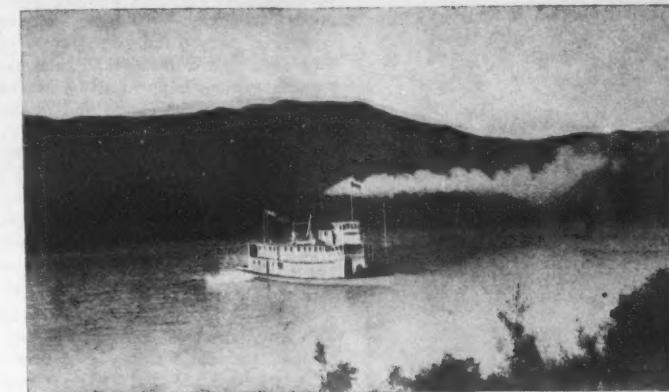
Some steps are being taken to start a fund for a hospital at Fort Simpson. The officials of the Department of the Interior are alive to the necessity of such an institution, and are seeking to arouse interest in the matter. A large number of people will be going into the north country in the near future, and every public-spirited citizen in that part of Canada ought to use his influence in the direction of having a hospital established at Fort Simpson and at other points where they would do the most good. A great field is opening, too, in the far north of Canada for young men who are anxious to enter upon humanitarian work. Many zealous young fellows have in the past gone from the Dominion seeking in distant lands—in Africa, South America and elsewhere—work as medical missionaries. From this time there is need in our own fertile northland—"the last of the lands and the best"—for all the medical missionaries we can produce, and more.

ONE of the chief discouragements from settling in the Peace river district is the imagined rigors of the winter and shortness of the summer. As a matter of fact (says the Manitoba Free Press) the climate is a most agreeable one. The winter, it is true, is fairly long, and the low temperature of 60 degrees is frequently reached, but the atmosphere is extremely dry and winds are infrequent so that the intensity of the cold is not felt so much. Blizzards are of infrequent occurrence and there is a very large proportion of sunshine. The nights in winter are long, and artificial light is used for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four in midwinter. The nights are often kept illuminated, however, by the most gorgeous displays of the Aurora Borealis which curtains the sky as if with a constantly moving filmy gauze.

W HAT is considered a large undertaking, even in a land of big enterprises and immense distances, will be the transferring of over three hundred head of buffalo from the Elk park at Lamont to the Buffalo park at Battle river, a distance of eighty miles. This will be done this fall, probably, when the fencing of the new Buffalo park is complete. Mr. Howard Douglas, former superintendent of the National park at Banff, and now commissioner of all the Dominion parks west of Fort William, returned to Edmonton the other day from a trip to the Elk park at Lamont. He has assumed his new duties as parks commissioner, and one of the first matters to take up in his new capacity will be the carrying out of the big undertaking referred to. Mr. Douglas (says the Edmonton Journal), has just completed arrangements for the calling of tenders for the contract of fencing the Buffalo park at Battle River, and the tenders will be opened in a few weeks in Edmonton.

The contract calls for seventy miles of fencing over eight feet high, fifteen wires, posts fifteen feet. Mr. Douglas estimates that it will cost in the neighborhood of \$800 or \$1,000 per mile.

In August Mr. Douglas will superintend the bringing of the balance of



THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S STEAMER, "PEACE RIVER," LEAVING PEACE RIVER LANDING.

the buffalo herd from Montana to Edmonton. This herd, together with a large number of the buffalo now at Lamont, will be taken to the Buffalo park. To make the drive of eighty miles from Elk to Buffalo park, Mexican cowboys, to the number of about thirty, will be brought up from Montana, as Mr. Douglas states that he does not believe there are horsemen in the province expert enough at this work to handle the big herd of buffalo for such a long distance. The Buffalo at Lamont have survived the winter in excellent condition, and the loss amongst the herd had been a little over one per cent.

In July, in company with Mr. Campbell, superintendent of Dominion Forestry, Mr. Douglas will go to the Jasper park, 150 miles from Edmonton, where about 5,000 acres have been reserved on the eastern slope of the Rockies, as a national park, and work will be commenced on the laying out of this territory. Mr. Douglas will also report upon the scheme now under discussion to make the whole eastern slope of the Rockies one vast forest and game reserve. The idea of this scheme is to put into practice the theory that the preservation of the forests will prevent the snow from melting too early in the year, and disappearing before the dry months come. At present the snow lies in the forests on the mountain sides until late in the year, and in the dry months melts and flows down to the dry land, supplying water where there would be none if the forests were removed and the snow allowed to melt early in the spring.

Many weary months of toil and research followed in the hunt for the Fraser river, and although surrounded by evidences of its existence, and while lying in its very waters, Vancouver and the Spanish commanders solemnly agreed that the River of Florida Blanca did not exist, and unceremoniously rubbed it off the chart. The hour of exploration had not come, nor the man.

It was reserved for one of the stalwarts of that magnificent and world-renowned force, the Northwest Mounted Police, Major Strickland, commanding the Fort Saskatchewan division, who recently died at his post, at the early age of thirty-nine. Major Strickland was a native of Lakefield, near Peterboro, Ont. He had been a member of the Mounted Police force since 1889. He had been in command of the divisions at Prince Albert, Regina, Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan, going to the Fort some three years ago.

The Major was one of the first to enter Yukon when the rush to the Klondike gold fields commenced. In company with Supt. Constantine, of Edmonton, he established police patrols throughout that country. Because of his administrative ability and soldierly qualities, Major Strickland was highly successful in preserving law and order in the wild days of the Klondike gold rush.

During the South African war he was attached as adjutant to the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles, under command of Col. McDonald. He saw no fighting in this campaign, however, as the regiment arrived at Dunbar only when peace had been declared.

The Major married Miss Treher, of Prince Albert. After leaving Prince Albert, he was stationed at Regina for some time, and was for three months in charge of the detachment at Edmonton. He was one of the most popular officers in the Mounted Police.

ONE evening last week Judge Howay delivered an interesting lecture in Vancouver on "The Attempt to Find the Fraser River by Land and Water." Judge Howay, as reported in The News-Advertiser, of Vancouver, said that the real discoverer of British Columbia was Captain James Cook, who on his third voyage landed at Nootka on March 29, 1778. Captain Cook discovered and named Cape Flattery by reason of its appearance having flattered him with the hopes of finding a harbor.

One of the best-known of all the traders and discoverers on the coast during the latter part of the eighteenth century was John Meares. His vessel, the Felice, entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca in June, 1788, and sailing southward he was, on July 6, 1788, in the latitude of the Columbia

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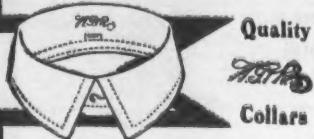
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PERHAPS every busy person has at least an occasional nightmare—the unanswered letters which sit heavy on the conscience and cry out in accusing tones every time one inadvertently picks them up! A letter came when leisure was the one thing not to be secured, one burned to answer it that very hour, day, week, month! So the time slid away, and now it is dollars to doughnuts that the writer has moved, or forgotten, or grown angry, or lost even interest enough for resentment. And one takes up the letter and reads it and has twinges, and may or may not find the nerve to send a tardy acknowledgment. One dare not burn one's boats by destroying it, one never does until it's answered; it has a weird way of holding off destruction and continuing to haunt its helpless victim! Ever when it has been answered, torn in bits and committed to the flames, the habit of being haunted does not leave one. Besides, there is always another letter awaiting its turn to harry and distress the suffering soul of the wretch who hasn't time for correspondence.

Talking of frantic females reminds me of the disappointment expressed that woman franchise has been denied the Canadian women who want to vote. A letter has been printed giving the reasons why men won't let them vote, and it's so like one type of woman, that letter is, that it made me grin to read it. There are other reasons than those given in the suffragette's letter why men don't care to give the franchise to women. These reasons won't be put in print, but men who are guided by them are the best and dearest of their sex.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of writing. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing remarks, sketches or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Yellow Rose.—Your writing shows taste, fondness for tune, absence of sentiment, great self value, some tact, rather a cautious attitude, belief in tradition, sensitiveness as to position and family, ambition, buoyancy and imitation, minniety, a very set and final opinion and little sympathy or consideration for your fellows. This may be quite an agreeable person, but is not a typical Virgo, lacking the spontaneous and deep loving motherliness which is the very core of the Virgo heart.

Evelyn.—December 6 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign, and one remarkable for direct and outspoken expression. Its children aim at the bullseye, and generally hit it. They have decision, force, originality and independence of thought. Your writing has all these qualities, and a very decided flavor of selfishness and absence of broad sympathy as well. But it's a fine hand, averse to sentiment and unlikely to be easily led or driven. You like ease, handsome surroundings, order and harmony, are quick mentally, and strongly dominant, self-reliant, tactful, and if it suits you friendly and apparently frank, really never giving your confidence, and always instinctively on your guard with others. You have an ambition to attain and I rather think you will. Impossible to give you a private delineation.

Corona.—It's so long ago since that morning you wrote, but I'll take your word for it that it was lovely. Your birthday, March 15, brings you under Pisces, a water sign, and often controlling a nature as elusive as the symbol, the fishes, who slip through the water and leave no trace behind. Your writing shows a great deal of feeling, affection, and a generally pleasant and gracious nature. You are very careful about details, conscientious and thorough in work, and capable of fine success. Some love of literature and possibly facility in writing are suggested. Discretion, caution, good temper, justice and cheerfulness are in your lines. There is procrastination and a touch of indolence, leisurely way, a trick of retrospection, some self-satisfaction, credulity which might lead you to be imposed upon, some artistic taste. It took time, but not trouble, to dissect your pretty truth.

Madam Butterfly.—Your manner of letting the upper and lower loops of your letters tangle with those on the other lines indicates a certain confusion of ideas and mental disorder. Your mind is conventional and your method inclined to ceremoniousness. There is nothing spontaneous or impulsive, but tactful

effluvia fat off in a very short time. The beautiful woman who confided the secret of the roll-over cure to a friend of mine had lost the fat she hated, without any other treatment, using some judgment as to diet but not by any means denying her. Only never allowing laziness or hurry to interfere with her fifteen strenuous moments each morning. She used to be so tired that she was ready for bed again when she climbed up to her proper perpendicular, but she awakened up on cold water sponging and had a horrid appetite for breakfast later on. And the point is that she is again a figure to be envied, her waist has come down to its old line, her outline is lovely to behold, and perhaps her general health has also gained. Far be it from me to secrete knowledge of such a cure from the frantic females who clamor for relief from "too-too solid flesh" in undesirable localities.

Pandora.—Do I "strike out from the shoulder," Pan? And the meek soul not looking for trouble! You are certainly an Aries, (April 19), but why fear that grand sign? It's a proud woman you may become under it. You are consistent and constant in your affections, intuitive rather than logical, not very persevering or consecutive in thought, generally cautious, and rather modest about yourself; venerate holy things, and though generous-hearted, averse to extravagance. You are fond of literature, and probably are an able critic. It is an original but not a commanding or magnetic hand.

Chinook.—This is a person who thinks fairly well of herself, is frank, receptive, bright and rather strong mentally, and full of magnetism. Tenacity and good sequence of ideas with observation, some concentration, but rather a habit of carelessness in arranging thoughts are shown. It is a good bright October study, full of imagination but not probably yet balanced so as to do it fully justice. Libra, the Scales, is its sign, and they are yet oscillating.

The Royal City.—Come closer, till I slap you on the wrist. In future perhaps it would be best, when insinuating girls come with requests that rules be broken, to just chuck them into the W. P. B. without comment. I will not delineate the unsigned page you enclose, nor any other scraps of letters sent to this column. Now, off with you, and be good!

Lionel.—It's very tempting, but I must make one stipulation. No telephones, midnight messages nor cuckoo tactics. Stay in your own quarters, and I shall feel more comfortable. So sorry to hear later that the good man had been called away. I recall the morning we went to see him. Thanks for the ventilation story. It is just like the ingenuous people, they always have a weird word up their sleeve, which reminds me of one that nurse used which I shall never forget. Here's an Irish story for you, of the same sort. Once I called at a roadside inn in the country, (Ireland) and asked for a drink of water. The bar-room was full of men who were holding a sale of lambs. The landlady came out with a tea cup and a pitcher, and said meekly: "If yer honor'd excuse the cup; the gentlemen are occupying all the tumblers."

Tate.—April 13, is Aries, and there are frequent studies coming under that sign. Aries rules from March 21 to April 19 inclusive. Push, energy and systematic effort bring you success. Your writing shows determination, tenacity, physical activity, some tact, bright mentality, good sequence of thought and decided individuality. It looks like the hand of a professional man. The material part of your nature is strong, but so also is the mental; it is the spiritual which needs a chance to expand and bear fruit.

Collector.—There is strong materialism, a rather impatient and unreasonable way of arriving at conclusions, carelessness of finish and detail, love of power, and a generally independent and self-reliant tone. The writer has much to learn of the graces and gentler phases of life. There is some affection, strong love of good things and an honest, straightforward outlook and method. It is a nature quite unadorned, and very matter of fact. Nov. 1 brings you under Scorpio, a very strong magnetic sign, its children need the open air and water and generally enjoy travelling over the latter. To amass money is a Scorpio gift, to hoard it is a Scorpio fault. In love affairs Scorpio often manufactures unhappiness by reason of jealousy and suspicion, and often mars every sort of success by getting disturbed and worried over hindrances. As marriage is a serious and important turning point, Scorpio people should look very carefully, for a suitable partner means a great deal to them.

Dimples and Dolly Varden. Your studies are yet in course of development and not formed enough to dissect successfully. Dimples is the further advanced. She comes under Gemini, and should stick firmly at any project until she accomplishes something. The drudgery of musical study should be hard on them.

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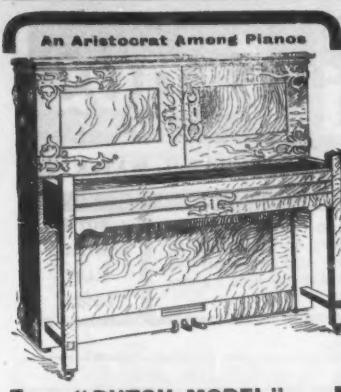
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DRAMA

We are having our share of comedy these days. At the Princess, after Richard Carle comes Frank Daniels—a long way after, one is inclined to say. But there are many people who hear Mr. Daniels year after year without tiring of his methods, and no doubt he will again be welcomed by cordial audiences when he comes here again next week. He will be seen in his new musical play, "The Tattooed Man," which had a run of considerable length in New York, and in which he has been seen lately in the Western States. His engagement at the Princess, commencing next Monday night, will be for the week, with a holiday matinee on Friday, and the usual Saturday afternoon performance.

In "The Tattooed Man," Charles Dillingham is said to have secured for his star the best offering he has had since "The Office Boy." It is the work of Victor Herbert, composer of "Mlle Modiste" and "The Red Mill," which is a recommendation. The libretto is the result of collaboration by Harry B. Smith and a new writer, A. N. C. Fowler, a combination which is claimed to have provided Mr. Daniels with a happy role. The Dillingham publicity department calls the play a "laughter-laden entertainment."

The keynote of the story is found in the fact that Omar Khayam, Jr., played by Frank Daniels, bears on his neck a mystic tattoo mark from birth, and his astrologic lore has it that somewhere there are two other persons bearing the same magic mark and that the lives of all three are inevitably bound together; the day that one of the three shall die, all must die. Omar falls in love with nearly all the beauteous beings of the Persian court; but with one in particular, whom he learns, however, is in love with a Bedouin chief. Him captured, Omar decides upon his execution, and the mock tragedy is turned into what is described as frenzied fun when at the last moment it is discovered that he is one of those who bear the mystic sign on his neck. The search for the other, Omar's jealous care in safeguarding his affinities, and the efforts of the two to escape, are said to afford much mirth throughout the two acts. Among the song successes are "Take Things Easy," "Watch the Professor," "Omar Khayam," and "Nobody Loves Me," by Victor Herbert, and novelties are promised in the matter of dances.

* * *

Owing to the success of "The Private Secretary," at the Royal Alexandra this week, the management have decided to produce next week another comedy equally famous, although of a different character. "Our



Frank Daniels
Who will be seen at the Princess next week in his latest offering, "The Tattooed Man."

Boys" is in three acts and was written by H. J. Byron. When produced in London, it had a phenomenal success and was subsequently followed by a long run in New York and other cities in the United States. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday, and an extra one on Friday.

* * *

Richard Carle, supported by a good-sized company of chorus singers and merry-makers, was seen and heard at the Princess Theatre during the first part of this week in "Mary's Lamb." In this piece Mr. Carle "presents himself," and the music is also his own. Looking for a new offering, he took up the French farce, "Mme. Mongodin," and gave it a musical setting and a thoroughly American complexion. "Mary's Lamb," according to the playbill is a "musical gambol," and the term is apt enough, as Mr. Carle gambols in the role of Leander Lamb as he invariably does in any role.

The performance in parts is more than suggestive, and the plain truth is that only the personal refinement of Mr. Carle and the refinement of his methods as a comedian save it from being on the whole rather offensively vulgar. But the effect of naughty words and suggestions depends largely, at the theatre at all events, on who does the talking or the suggesting. And it would be difficult to take offence at anything Richard Carle says or does. One only wonders, in this instance, why suggestiveness is dragged in. There are comedians who have to be racy to be amusing, and then, of course, they only amuse the low-brows. But Mr. Carle is clever, and only weakens his performance by attempting to make it high-flavored in spots.

Leander Lamb is a hen-pecked husband, and the role affords Mr. Carle a really good opportunity of indulging in his own peculiar brand of comedy, and an excellent brand it is. He is very funny all the time, and often he is deliciously funny. Indeed, his work in "Mary's Lamb" sets one speculating as to the possibilities that might be his in a more legitimate field of comedy. His dance-and-song drolleries seem too good to put on the shelf, but if he should, like Francis Wilson and others, go in for comedy without music he would probably do very well indeed.

The company is quite capable. There are no very good voices, but the chorus is above the average. Mr. John B. Park, formerly of Toronto, sings and acts with much confidence. As an evening's entertainment "Mary's Lamb" is one of the best and brightest of the many good things given at the Princess this season.

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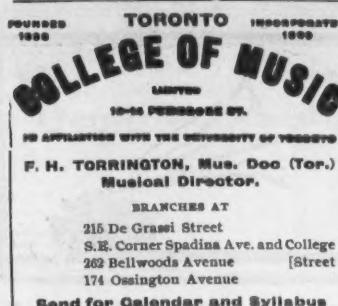
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M. CARL H. HUNTER, tenor, gave his debut recital on Tuesday evening in Conservatory Music Hall, before a fashionable and generally musical audience. Mr. Hunter has passed several years in Germany, where he studied under the famous singing master, Professor Julius Hey, the teacher of Sembrich and Albani. Naturally there was much interest taken in Mr. Hunter's debut, the professional vocalists being curious to know what foreign study had done for the young student. Mr. Hunter, in a programme representative of several schools, and evidencing his catholicity of taste, showed himself to be the possessor of an uncommonly good voice of lyric character, and although owing to a severe cold he was unable to do himself full justice, the audience heard enough to justify their verdict that he was a valuable acquisition to the ranks of city artists. There is sincerity in Mr. Hunter's work and his renderings bore witness to the distinguished instruction of his teacher. It is to be regretted that he did not give more prominence to songs in English, of which he gave only two. One day our vocalists will discover that if they wish to reach the hearts of the great public they will have to sing in their own language. The assisting artists were Mr. Paul Hahn whose cello solos as usual were revelations of fine singing tone and warm expression, and Miss Heloise Keating whose harp solos proved her to be an accomplished executant. Mrs. Blight acted as accompanist, in which capacity she is always satisfactory.

Richard Carle and company presented, on Monday evening, at the Princess theatre, a so-called musical comedy entitled "Mary's Lamb." From a musical point of view the production consisted of bald reminiscences; as a play the dialogue and action bordered on French suggestiveness.

Mr. Wheeldon will give a special organ recital on Good Friday evening in the Metropolitan Methodist church. An elaborate programme has been arranged, in which will be included many numbers suitable to this season of the year. Mr. Wheeldon will be assisted by Mr. T. J. Palmer, pianist; Miss Bertha May Crawford, soprano, and Miss Enid Newcombe, cellist. Mr. Wheeldon will give his usual fortnightly organ recital, assisted by Miss Margaret Louden Shepherd, contralto, this (Saturday) afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Wheeldon's organ recital last Saturday afternoon in the Metropolitan church drew the customary large audience which has marked this series throughout the season. The opening number of the programme was the Schiller Marsch by Meyerbeer, a fine composition, which demands such an organ as the Metropolitan to do it

On Wednesday evening there was a second musical function at the Conservatory of Music, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, the Toronto tenor, appearing in a farewell recital prior to his departure for Europe, where he will spend the summer continuing his musical studies. Mr. Beardmore was in good voice, and gave a polyglot

selection—French, German and English, the latter very sparingly—with his accustomed fervor of style and expression. His old English song, "Drink to Me Only," was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Beardmore had the assistance of Mabel Manley Pickard, soprano, one of Toronto's most delightful singers, and Norma Florence Johnston, pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, a pianist of rare gifts, temperamental and technical, whose accomplished playing was a genuine musical treat. Mrs. Gerard Barton proved a faithful, judicious and skilled accompanist.

justice. The remaining numbers were Berceuse by Moszkowski, Fantasia on "Faust," an arrangement of a selection of Gounod's popular opera, by Eddy, Carillon by Bizet, Graceful Dance, by A. S. Sullivan and Fanfare-Fugue, by Lemmens. Miss Enid Newcombe, cellist, who assisted Mr. Wheeldon, created a distinct impression by her splendid interpretation of her cello solos, "Reverie," by Dunkler and "Czardas" by Fischer. The effect obtained by a cello solo with organ accompaniment was delightful.

A piano recital was given in the hall of the Toronto College of Music on Saturday afternoon by the pupils of Miss Clara M. Smith, assisted by mandolin pupils of Miss Uddella Jones. The names of those who took part are: Iva Wright, Ida Fernie, Fred Geer, Rita George, Edith Clarke, Leonard McGinnis, Norman Patton, Maudie Hill, Clara Eild, Nellie Irwin, May Wallace and Riva Widner, pupils of Miss Uddella Jones.

Mr. Marley R. Sherris has been engaged to sing the baritone solos in Stainer's "Crucifixion," at St. Mary's. This is Mr. Sherris' second engagement by the St. Marys Methodist church during the past two months.

Miss Olive Scholey, one of Toronto's leading vocalists, has been appointed contralto soloist at Broadway Tabernacle.

Madame Le Grand Reed announces her song recital at Conservatory of Music Hall, Tuesday evening, April 21. She will then sing, for the first time in Toronto, many new songs, specially selected for the pleasure of her Toronto friends, and arias which she has been preparing during the winter. Her support will be Nicolai, cellist, and Carolyn H. Barton, accompanist. The plan will be opened at Nordheimer's on the 16th.

Sir John Stainer's Sacred Meditation, "The Crucifixion," will be sung by the choir of St. Clement's church (Riverdale), under the direction of Mr. T. M. Sargent, organist and choirmaster, on Good Friday evening, April 17. The soloists on this occasion will be Mr. Vernon Gearing, bass, and Mr. E. T. Evans, tenor.

The success of the performance last year of Stainer's "Crucifixion," by the St. James Cathedral choir, which drew an audience that crowded the edifice, was such that the director, Dr. Ham, has decided to reproduce it on Thursday evening next, the 16th inst. The work will be rendered by a full choir and Dr. Ham will preside at the organ. Tickets of admission may be secured by application.

The reorganization of the National Chorus of singers commences to-day and those wishing to enroll themselves as members of this successful choir should lose no time in sending their applications to the conductor, Dr. Ham, 561 Jarvis street. The vocal numbers selected for next season's work are of an exceptionally high standard, and, as last year, the services of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, has been arranged for.

Comment on the piano recital given in St. George's Hall, on Thursday evening, 2nd inst., before a large and cultured audience, by Miss Edith J. Mason, a very clever and gifted pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, was too late for notice in last week's issue of this paper. Toronto is fortunate in having in its midst an executant like Miss Mason. The compositions submitted in her programme on that occasion were undoubtedly selected to prove the technical attainments and versatility of the performer. The hearer was impressed with the intelligent understanding she revealed in overcoming the somewhat complex technical requirements demanded in her heavier numbers, while in the lighter offerings she exhibited a delicacy of touch and suggestive poetic feeling that gave beauty of utterance to her efforts.

At the annual Good Friday night concert in Wesley Methodist church, by the choir, under the direction of G. D. Atkinson, as organist and choirmaster, the choral programme will include Gounod's "Gallia," with Mrs. Atkinson as soloist, and some unaccompanied work, and the choir will be assisted by Messrs. R. S. Pigott and F. S. Welsman in Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

The piano pupils of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., were heard to much advantage in two recitals on March 26 and April 6 last, in the Conservatory Music Hall.

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ALLAN LINE
To adopt Steel Construction. 1879 **NIKE**
To adopt Big Keels. - 1880 **SWIFT**
To adopt Turbine Engines. - 1895 **SWIFT**

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and particulars as to rates, etc., to "General
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Georgian Bay
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red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it
For sale by all first-class druggists, department
stores and

**The Robt. Simpson Co.,
Limited, Toronto**

ANECDOTAL



D R. L. C. HALIBURTON, the noted English statistician, was recently discussing the statistics of marriage—marriage statistics are his specialty.

"The last statistics," he said, "show us one pleasant change, one grand improvement. Aged men of wealth are no longer marrying beautiful, mercenary young women as frequently as they used. In fact, these marriages are becoming in this country so rare that the newspapers don't hesitate to comment very forcibly upon them. I approve of these cruel comments. They keep such mockeries of marriage down."

Dr. Haliburton smiled grimly. "In a little town in Herts last month," he said, "a millionaire of seventy-nine married a young and pretty milliner of twenty-two. The local paper printed the next day this editorial paragraph on the matter: 'Six months ago, when Mr. Blank's venerable wife died, his children and grandchildren feared that he would go crazy over the sad bereavement. Their fears have now come true.'"

A CERTAIN family, the most hopeful member of which was a brisk little lad with red hair, recently moved from one small city to another.

"The boys in this town must have heard all about me before we moved here," boasted Tommy on the day after the family's arrival.

"But there's no one here that knew us," objected his mother.

"That's all right," persisted Tommy. "Just as soon as I came in the schoolyard this morning, they all yelled, 'Hello, Bricktop!' just the way they used to do at home."

S EVERAL young members of a certain family that spent the past summer in the White Mountains were exchanging reminiscences of their trip, when one of the girls exclaimed:

"Oh, Tom, do you remember that gorge in Jefferson?"

"Do I remember?" repeated Tom. "Sure! You mean the day we got there. It was the swellest dinner I ever had in my life—I was so hungry!"

H IS Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was once on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse for Doncaster races, and when he and a friend were taking a stroll one morning they met a minor, who, in company with a couple of bull-pups, was also "taking it easy." The prince's friend asked the man how much he had paid for the two animals.

"Two quid," was the laconic rejoinder of the collier, who, of course was not aware of the identity of the gentlemen.

His Royal Highness eyed the dogs critically, and remarked: "Don't you think two pigs would have been a more profitable investment for you, my man?"

"Happen so," replied the collier, "but as sud leuk a bloomin' fool goin' a-rattin' wi' two pigs!"

T HE bibulous citizen was holding a high carnival on the street when an officer approached him and said:

"Come on with me to the station-house."

The disturber of the peace pulled loose from the officer and began:

"Hold on one minute, m' friend."

"No, I won't hold on a minute. You come with me."

"Hold on jus' half minute. I want jus' one word with you."

"All right," replied the officer impatiently. "Be quick about it. What is you want to say?"

"All I want t' say is jus' this: I 'preciate your invitation, but I jus' can't go."

M ISS JEANNETTE GILDER was one of the ardent enthusiasts at the debut of Tetrazzini. After the first act she rushed to the back of the house to greet one of her friends. "Don't you think she is a wonder?" she asked excitedly.

"She is a great singer unquestionably," responded her more phlegmatic friend, "but the registers of her voice are not so even as, for instance, Melba's."

"Oh, bother Melba," said Miss Gilde.

"Tetrazzini gives infinitely more heat from her registers."

HARRY LAUGHLIN, the famous billiard player, tells a capital story.

"Once, when I had my own saloon in Columbus," he said, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper, 'Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim; I'm no millionaire.'

"I know the gents wot pockets the chalk, Mr. Laughlin," Jim said, but they're regular customers. I guess you wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?"

"Well, no," said I, "I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy."

"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons, who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes, why?" the patron asked.

"I thought so," said Jim, "from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome."

BILL NYE used to tell this story of a Frenchman who was visiting in America. After opening his mail one morning he wore so gloomy an expression that his hostess asked him if he were ill.

"No, no," he replied sadly; "but I am dissatisfied. My father is dead."

A LONDON guide was showing an American tourist the famous tombs of St. Paul's. "This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero the world ever seen—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle that weighs twelve tons, an' hinside that is a lead casket weighing two tons. Hinside that is the mahogany coffin that 'old the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the tourist, after a moment's deep thought, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of all that, telegraph me at my expense."

P ROFESSOR — of McGill University had just finished a lengthy lecture on poisons and antidotes. "Supposing you were cal'd to attend a patient who had swallowed ten grains of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"The sacrament," shouted an Irish student from the rear of the hall.

A YOUNG and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school and made to work some difficult problems as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll-call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A's name was called, she rose, and, looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated: "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was: "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

J OHN and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat, quickly.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

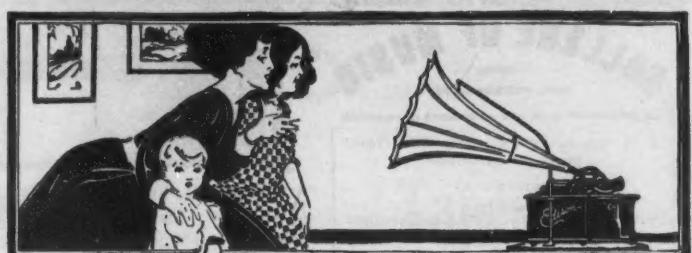
"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."

"AREN'T you going home?" asked a fellow club member.

"Not for several days," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm going to give my family a chance to forget. You see, mother and the girls have been trying to educate me to an appreciation of classical music. This afternoon I heard a terrific racket on the piano, so, being anxious to please, I half closed my eyes and said, 'Isn't it perfectly beautiful!'"

"Wasn't that all right?"

"No. It was the piano tuner."



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EXTRA DRY
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Easter Lilies

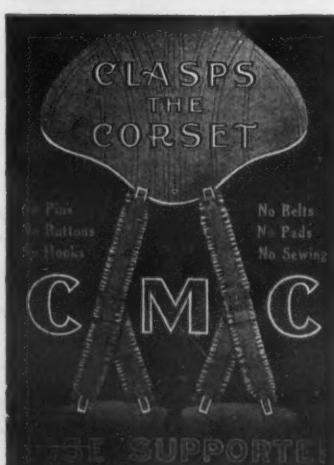
WE shall have next week an immense display of the finest Lilies in town.

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Choice Stock.....

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Selected, 12½c.

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Therein lies the whole secret of the popularity of the wonderful C. M. C. Hose Supporter. The clasp that stays clasped. Laugh at the clerk who tries to sell you something "just as good."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

M. AND MRS. PERCEVAL RIDOUT and Miss Nixon, Mrs. James George, Miss Wornum, Major and Mrs. Keefer, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Kepler, and a great many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy are leaving for England next week. Mrs. Strathy will remain for the summer but Mr. Strathy will return to Toronto next month.

Mrs. Will Barker, a bride of last month, held her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Barker, 5 Rowanwood avenue. The bride wore a Limerick lace gown over chiffon and taffeta, and was assisted by Mrs. Barker, in black silk, with touches of jet and lace. Mrs. Alan Jones, sister-in-law of the bride, poured tea and the teatime, set in the pretty dining-room, was decorated with daffodils. Mrs. Will Barker is a charmingly unaffected young matron, and everyone who knows her is glad to have that privilege. Mr. and Mrs. Will Barker will for the present remain with Mrs. Barker, who has built a very cosy home for herself in what was Macpherson but is now Rowanwood avenue.

Mrs. Cowan and Mr. R. L. Cowan will shortly take up their residence in their new house, 3 Rowanwood avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Lampert is going abroad about the first of May.

On Thursday, April 9, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson gave a dinner, at which Lady Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, was the guest of honor.

Measles having appeared at Havergal, it was decided to close that college a little earlier than usual for the Easter vacation.

Miss Somerville, of Atherley, has returned from California and was one of a cosy little party taking tea at the English Inn on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee is expected home shortly from a tour of the Mediterranean, Egypt, France and the Holy Land.

Mr. Charles Sampson arrived from Chicago last week, and is taking Mrs. Sampson back to-day, I am informed. Mrs. Sampson has received much attention and admiration during her visit in Toronto, and her old and new friends are sorry to bid her goodbye, as they were hoping for her presence at the Horse Show and the races next month.

The engagement of Miss Edith Scott, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Scott, of Galt, and Mr. George Dobbie, of Galt, formerly of Brockville, is announced. Their marriage takes place the latter part of this month.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton has returned from the West, bringing her sister, Mrs. Irving, with her on a visit.

Mrs. Kingdon is in town on a visit to her sister in Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. George Ross (General Postoffice), and Miss Gertrude Ross have been on a visit to friends in Detroit and London.

The Press Club will present the Frohman musical comedy, "The Three Little Maids," in the Alexandra Theatre on May 7, 8 and 9. Those two artists in stage management, Mr. Douglas Paterson and Mr. Pigott, are in charge of the production.

The auction sale of boxes for the Horse Show will take place on April 22 at the King Edward. This business proceeding is now quite a society function, and after the bidding tea is served, and hosts of ladies find it a pleasant way of spending the afternoon. The sale takes place in the banquet hall.

A farewell luncheon was given on Saturday at Stanley Barracks by the Colonel and officers for Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison. Mrs. Denison is a cousin of Colonel Victor Williams. The Denisons sailed on the Virginian yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Dixon are in New York. Miss Frances Heron has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Duggan has also returned from the capital. Hon. Clifford Sifton was in town this week on his way home from the West, where he went to see his father, who was seriously ill.

Most smart hostesses will be too busy to receive on their regular days any more. The spring doings, the out-of-town clubs, and preparations for transatlantic voyages are occupying many of them.

A grand audience attended the performance of Gloria on Saturday night at the Princess. The play was so irresistibly funny that a constant ripple of laughter was playing over every countenance. A smart little party, including Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mrs. Smith of Moncton, and Mr. G. T. Blackstock, occupied one of the lower boxes, while among those in the stalls were scores of the best known people in town. After the play some of the company were entertained at supper by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan, the guest of honor being Miss Shearer, daughter of the late Judge Shearer, of Philadelphia.

That very funny comedy, "The Private Secretary," has made the world and his wife laugh this week at the Alexandra. A party from Government House saw it on Monday. I never hear of this always welcome play without a thought of Albert Sterner, the first "Private Secretary" who played the part in Toronto, and whose infinitely tragic death by drowning at a watering place in the States so soon after saddened his Toronto friends. The ever comical little secretary has received an able presentation this week by Mr. Stallard.

Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, owner of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and half brother of William H. Taft, is said to be defraying the expense of the campaign now well under way to secure the Presidential nomination for the American Secretary of War. It is estimated that considerably more than half a million dollars will be used before the convention.

A United States paper says that the population of the world could be contained in the state of Delaware if they were as congested as the people in eleven New York City blocks, at the rate of 1,200 per acre.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.**Reynier Frere Gloves
For Easter**

Gloves are a necessary adjunct to my lady's costume for Easter, so why not have a pair that will give every satisfaction, wear well and be in keeping with your costume. Reynier

Frere gloves will give splendid satisfaction; they are well and carefully made, they are perfect fitting — and there is reason — there is no guess work about the Reynier; experimental stages have been passed many years

since; they will conform easily to every movement of the hand. Try a Reynier for Easter and have perfect satisfaction. All colors and shades in long or short gloves.

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and their designing and modelling, is our exclusive work, and no argument is needed to prove that you can obtain better satisfaction from a store dealing specially of one line, than from one that deals in half-a-hundred. If you are interested in a handsome switch at a price surprisingly low, make it your business to visit this store.

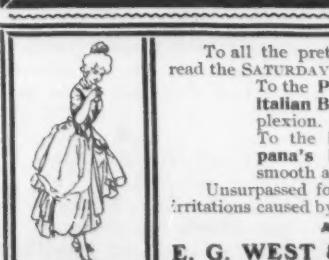
THE PEMBER STORE Special Remodelling Sale 127-129 YONGE STREET

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VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E.
Phones Main 1708 and Main 1709



To all the pretty girls and handsome young men who read the SATURDAY NIGHT.

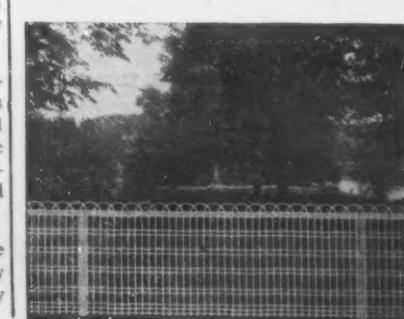
To the Pretty Girls—Use Campana's Italian Balm to preserve a dainty complexion.

To the Handsome Men—Use Campana's Italian Balm to keep skin smooth and soft after shaving.

Unsurpassed for chapped hands, sore lips and all skin irritations caused by wind or weather.

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Tailor-made voile suits with full silk drop skirts. The coats in the long semi-fitted and plain Prince Chap effects. Colors black, lilac, navy, tan, mode and Copenhagen blue. Very attractive style. \$39.75 to \$125.

Tailor-made cloth suits in fancy checks and plain weaves. Full plaited skirts, also full flare effects. Coats in all lengths from the Eton for stout figures to 30-inch coats. \$39 to \$65.

Tailor-made suits in the fashionable shadow stripes and checks, also plain serges and Panamas. An exceptional variety at \$27.50 to \$35.

At \$25 we are showing a remarkable variety of attractive styles in plain coats, long and short and butterfly styles. The jackets are all lined with silk and the skirts carefully designed. \$25.

SEPARATE SKIRTS

Beautiful models in black voiles, with or without silk drop skirts. The very latest models at from \$12.50 to \$30.

Panamas and serges in many styles from the full flare to the many varieties of the popular pleated skirts. \$8.75 to \$16.50.

An especially attractive model in a full pleated skirt with overlapping folds. Colors navy, black and brown. Price, \$7.50.

Another leading value is a full pleated Panama skirt with one fold. Navy, black and brown. \$5.

GIRLS' WEARING APPAREL

Here is a remarkably attractive showing of suits for girls of 14, 16 and 18. Many of these styles are also suitable for small women. The others are like the women's suits, but are so modified in cut and style as to suit the youthful wearers. Serges, Panamas, plain and fancy cloths, shadow stripes in herring-bone weaves. \$15 to \$39.

Children's suits in plain serges and Panamas, semi-fitted and box coats, full pleated skirts with fold. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15 and 17. Prices, \$12.50 to \$22.50.

Children's coats in sizes 6 to 14. Exceptional values at \$5, \$7.50 and \$10. At the last price the coats are of attractive materials, including navy, red and white serge, full taffeta lined.

FASHIONABLE WAISTS

Fine lingerie waists, fronts, sleeves, collar and cuffs inset with medallions and German valenciennes insertion. \$2.50.

Linen tailor-made waists, wide pleats on shoulder extending across the front. Long sleeves finished with link cuffs. Stiff laundried collar. \$2.98.

Jabot waists in linen tissue and Scotch ginghams. Dainty stripes and checks in pink, tan and light blue, detachable Jabot and stiff collar, long sleeves with link cuffs. \$3.50 to \$3.98.

Dainty mull waists, front of pin tucks forming yoke. Bands of fine embroidery over shoulders. Three-quarter sleeves, tucked collar and cuffs edged with embroidery. \$5.50.

Fine batiste waists, dainty round yoke of lace and shadow embroidery. Daintily trimmed sleeves finished with fancy lace cuffs. Lace collar. \$8.75.

AUTOMOBILE COATS

We are showing many beautiful models in automobile coats. Especially attractive are those of fancy silk stripes and checks. Also rich plain colors. \$10 to \$35.

Black silk coats, covert coats, black Panama and serge coats, braided coats in blacks and colors, white linen, white serge coats, are all shown in good variety and are in good style for the coming season. \$5 to \$29.75.

SILK PETTICOATS

Petticoats of a superior quality taffeta silk in black and all the fashionable shades in plain and changeable effects. Deep flounce and underlay of silk with silk dust ruffle. \$5.

Silk petticoats of superior quality taffeta silk in black and a very complete range of fashionable colors. Deep flounce with accordion pleating, sectional ruffles with wide bands, underlay and dust ruffle of silk. Special value at \$6.95.

Klosest petticoats are planned to give the smooth, shapely lines to the figure. They fit without a wrinkle over the hips due to the Jersey gores at the top of the skirt. \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

UNDER-MUSLINS

Corset covers in many pretty styles. French effects in nainsook, with embroidery and laces. \$1.

Nainsook drawers, trimmed with ruffle of fine embroidery or lace insertion and edge. \$1.

White petticoats of cambric, trimmed with deep embroidered flounce or deep lace flounce. \$1.98.

Night gowns of nainsook, low or high neck, long or short sleeves, trimmed with embroidery and ribbon. \$1.

Night gowns in a dainty Empire model, yoke of lace, short puff sleeves trimmed with lace and ribbon. \$2.50.

Hand-made chemises, beautifully finished, \$1, \$1.50 upward.

Hand-made drawers with elaborate trimmings, \$1.50 to \$10.

Pretty designs in hand-made night gowns, \$2.49 to \$16.50.

SILK GLOVES AND HOSIERY

The best grades of silk gloves made by such well-known houses as Kayser and Fownes. These gloves are more popular than ever this season, and are shown in a great variety of styles. The 12 and 16-button lengths are made mousquetaire style, open at the wrist and may be had in black and white and in a very complete range of fashionable street and evening shades.

The 12B. lengths at from \$1 to \$1.75.

The 16B. lengths at from \$1.25 to \$2.

Women's pure silk hose in black, white, tan, brown, navy and in evening shades. Extra long, fine silk, double silk soles. The pair, \$2.

Silk embroidered lisle hose in black, white, Copenhagen, navy, tan, champagne, grey and other evening shades at 75c. and \$1.

Girls' silk and lisle hose, 25c. to \$1.



YOUR FARE IS REFUNDED.

Cut out this coupon and present it at the Transfer Desk. Arrangements will be made to refund round trip fare within forty miles if you purchase \$25; within eighty miles if you purchase \$50. If over the latter distance, we will refund for eighty miles. Be sure and present this coupon.

SOCIETY

Word has come from Mrs. and Miss Austin of their probable return to Toronto, as Miss Austin is not very strong, and Mrs. Austin and her daughters will therefore be home shortly.

Mrs. Patterson is visiting Mrs. Michie in St. George street and the two old friends are enjoying a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kingston are among the new householders in Chestnut Park, and are now settled at No. 25.

One of last week's pretty teas was a "by-by" given by Mrs. Rathbun, Bloor west, for the bride of last Wednesday, Miss Bessie Proudfoot, who wore a mauve flowered muslin frock and a black picture hat. Miss

Blaikie poured tea for the merry party of young folks. This was only one of many pleasant affairs given for Miss Proudfoot before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann gave a small dinner last week for Hon. Robert Rogers and Mrs. Rogers of Winnipeg. Their beautiful place on the Kingston Road has been the scene of several very much enjoyed hospitalities recently.

Mrs. R. O. McCulloch came to town on Thursday, and is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Davidson.

Mrs. Calderwood is giving a luncheon next Wednesday for Mrs. Minty.

A fine little son to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Turner was the good stork's gift last Saturday. Best wishes are with the young mother and the wee boy from hosts of friends.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND ABROAD

Nothing is more pleasant than meeting an old friend unexpectedly abroad.

A well known club man just returned from London says "I was surprised and delighted at one of the best London restaurants to hear a distinguished looking gentleman at the next table to me call for Radnor water, and see brought for him such an old friend of mine."

"I immediately recognized Radnor myself, and greatly enjoyed Canada's foremost mineral water in Old London."

Parsifal, the last and loftiest work of Wagner's genius, may be called his great confession of faith. He takes the legend of the Holy Grail and uses it to portray the most sublime Christian truths.

Mrs. Scott Raff will read the story of this legend, and Herr Wendt will play Wagner's score on Wednesday

evening, April 15, at 8.15 o'clock, in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. This closes the very interesting series of Lenten readings for this season.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.—FOSTER—In Toronto, April 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Foster, a daughter.

SPROULE—At Toronto, on Sunday, April 5, the wife of Robt. K. Sproule, of a son (stillborn).

DAME—At Galt, April 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Allen D. Dame, a son.

CLEEVE—At Beech Lawn, Limerick, March 24, the wife of Francis J. Cleeve, of son.

FORD—At Washington, Penn., April 7, the wife of Prof. Harry E. Ford, a son.

BASSETT—At Barrie, April 7, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bassett, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DIEHL-DIBB—At College street Presbyterians church, Toronto, Apr. 8, Pearle E. Newell, daughter of Mr. Joseph Dibb, to R. Ernest Diehl.

GARDNER-WATSON—In Toronto, April 8, Adah C. Watson to J. Martin Gardner.

SINCLAIR-STEWART—At Parkhill, Ont., March 31, Mary Stewart, of Parkhill, to Duncan Sinclair, B.A.Sc., of New Liskeard, Ont.

DOBLE-FRASER—At Port Arthur, Ont., March 31, Elizabeth Janet Fraser, of Toronto, to Walter J. Doble, of Neepawa, Man.

DEATHS.

DUBOIS—In Toronto, April 2, Louis C. Dubois, in his 79th year.

CROSBY—In Toronto, April 7, Harriet N. White, widow of the late H. P. Crosby, Esq., of Markham, in her 74th year.

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You can now have your washings done by electricity. The 1900 Edward Washer and Wringer (Washer, Wringer and Motor complete) does all the heavy work of washing and wrings out the clothes.

Any electric light furnishes the power needed. You connect up the washer the same way you put an electric lamp globe into its socket. Then all there is to do is start the motor, turn on the electric switch, drop the tub (driven by the electric motor) and the water and soap in the tub wash the clothes clean. Washing is done quicker and easier, and more thoroughly and economically than was ever possible.

Servants will stay contented—laundry bills will be saved—clothes will last twice as long—where there is a 1900 Electric Washer to do the washing.

These washers save so much work and worry and trouble, that they sell themselves. This is the way of it.



Society at the Capital

B RIDGE, which appeared for a time to be losing favor among those who have been entertaining, again took first place last week on the social programme, and nearly every day contributed one or two little gatherings, where the game was enjoyed with the usual zest.

Mrs. Toller, on Wednesday evening, invited about thirty friends of her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Cranston, of Arnprior, to play bridge, the game resulting in Mrs. Duncan Macpherson carrying off first prize and Mrs. C. J. Brennan coming second. Mrs. Cranston, who has been spending a week in town with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Toller, returned on Thursday to Arnprior. She looked extremely well on Wednesday evening in black sequined net with touches of white.

Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris, of Earncleif, also entertained at a small bridge party on Wednesday evening, the little gathering being arranged especially for her guests, Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, the latter now being quite recovered from her recent indisposition.

Lady Sybil Grey invited the members of the Ladies' Bridge Club, which has quite recently been organized in the Capital, to join in a game at Government House, on Thursday, and those who were present on the occasion were: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mrs. Francis MacNachten, Mrs. J. A. Smellie, Mrs. H. B. McGiverin, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Miss Lemoine, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick and Miss Tudor Montizambert.

Miss Kathleen Ewart chose Thursday evening on which to give a young people's bridge party, in honor of Miss Ethel Aldous, of Winnipeg, who is staying with her cousins, the Misses Christie, during the absence in Atlantic City of Mrs. Christie and Mrs. Aldous. Mrs. Ewart received the guests and wore a handsome gown of black lace. Miss Ewart was in white embroidered chiffon over silk. Pink carnations in abundance adorned the various rooms, and nine tables of guests thoroughly enjoyed the game.

Another bright bridge party was Mrs. Robert Reid's, on Friday afternoon, when married ladies only joined in the game, eight tables being required to accommodate them. Miss Fielding won the first prize and Mrs. Ralph Smith the second. At the conclusion of the game several additional guests came in to tea and Mrs. Franklyn Kidd presided over the tea with Miss Elma Reid, Miss Anna Oliver and Miss Gladys Carling as assistants. The table was very prettily arranged with a huge bunch of daffodils in the centre with slender vases of violets surrounding it.

Mrs. Henry Duggan, of Toronto, who has been staying for a short time with Mrs. Alex. D. Cartwright in Stewart street, was the honored guest of an enjoyable little tea given by Mrs. P. Darley Bentley on Monday, and also of a delightfully arranged dinner at the Russell Cafe on the same evening, at which Mr. W. M. German, M.P. of Welland was the genial host, and the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Broderick, Miss Margaret George, of Toronto, and Mr. Hance Logan, M.P. Beautiful crimson roses and violets made a handsome table decoration. Mrs. Duggan returned to Toronto on Thursday.

Owing to the fact no doubt that up to the present spring has apparently quite forgotten the Capital and we still have quantities of snow *en evidence*, the exodus goes merrily on of all who can manage to go off for a few weeks to a warmer climate. Last week those who joined the Canadian contingent at Atlantic City were: Mrs. Thomas White and her daughters, the Misses Milly and Laura White; Mr. and Mrs. R. Gordon Edwards; Mrs. and Miss Pauline Lemoine (who will shortly be joined by Mr. St. Denis and Miss Lemoine to spend Easter); and these will be followed about the middle of the month by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, who will spend Easter in a resort. Lady Grant, accompanied by Miss Harriet Grant, left on Thursday for Niagara Falls, Ont., to spend a month at the Clifton House with Mr. and Mrs. George Major. Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson and Miss Margaret George, of Toronto, expect to spend Easter in New York.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 6, 1908.

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Then—when the month is up, if you are not convinced the washer is all we say—don't keep it. We won't charge anything for the use you have had of it.

This the 1900 Washer—washes and wrings clothes—saves time—keeps your servants contented.

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Don't mortgage your pleasure in life to dread of wash-day and wash-day troubles with servants.

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The 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.
The above free offer does not apply in Toronto and suburbs,
where special arrangements are made.

875

WE HAD A FIRE

Thursday night, April 2, the third flat of our building was burned out. Our rugs and Oriental goods were on the first and second floors, and while a few valuable rugs were scorched and soaked, most of our stock was not really injured at all, though pretty well wet, as is usual in such circumstances. No smoke, to speak of, got into our principal stock rooms, so the rugs are as good and fresh as new aside from being damp. However this is enough to make it necessary to sacrifice values just as much as if the stock was damaged.

FREE-FOR-ALL RACE FOR RUGS

We are forced to make immediate sales of considerable quantities to get together enough capital to meet the extra expense of repairs and restocking. We know we cannot ask full price. We are going to make the prices so low that it will be inducement to clear out a great amount of our stock. This is the first fire we ever had, and probably will be the last, so take advantage of this unique opportunity of getting the finest Oriental rugs, at prices that will not be sufficient to see us out of a big loss.

WE WANT YOUR HELP DO YOU WANT RUGS?

During this coming week we will offer you the biggest bargain chances you ever saw.

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C. P. R., G. T. R. or Lackawanna Office, 75 Yonge
Street, Toronto.

E. J. QUACKENBUSH
D. P. A.
Buffalo

A. LEADLAY
G. P. AGENT
Toronto

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THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 6, 1908.



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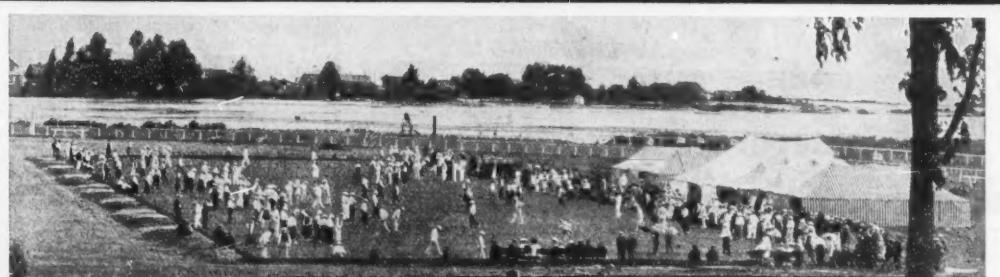
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surgery of any kind. We will cure squinting and all defects of the eyes.



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"TIM" HEALY, the Irish member of Parliament, is quick at repartee. A voter once informed him that he would "sooner vote for the devil than for Healy."

"But possibly your friend may not turn up," said "Tim," adding in a tone of mild enquiry, "Perhaps you will support me then?"

Erudite Dramatic Criticism

DRAMATIC criticism is very often about as intelligible to the average reader as the published decisions of the law courts. Salute we then with joy one dramatic critic who believes in employing English rather than stage-jargon in his work as a reviewer. The discerning and discriminating Mr. Metcalfe, of Life, New York, notes that his paper—which is, above all, the playful enemy of humbug—"does not confine itself solely to an estimation of the technical values of plays and acting." And it is refreshing to read this pleasant bit of satire from his pen, on those who do:

But Life is always ready to oblige. If reviews in the manner of some of our contemporaries are desired, reviews intended more particularly to display the fact that the reviewer is in close touch with a seven volume dictionary and a convenient reference library than to convey any definite meaning to the reader, why, here goes:

Panem et circenses! An echo of the cry of the Roman populace is found in the pavulum offered to the entertainment-hungry at the Madison Square Garden this week. Its noumena and phenomena would drive away from Schopenhauer the schlafwunschen so notable in the essays he wrote at Elfsdorf when he was first coming under the influence of the Comist school of philosophy. The sensitive literary souls of Walter Pater and Arthur Symonds might well take offence at the hyperbolical style of this year's announcements of Barnum and Bailey's circus, but the accomplishment very nearly realizes the expectation roused by these rose-colored fancies. But *abst! Ibsen!*

The overman who writes the forewords of the circus rises superior to literary canons, but he has good cause. The Oriental sensuality of the grand entry might inspire even d'Annunzio to dreamy and passionate bursts of description. The defiance of the laws of gravitation shown in the daring simultaneous flight of two automobiles would arouse disconnected and maniacal admiration in the breast of that intellectual giant, the man-and-God-defying Nietzsche. And then comes the deliciously tender leitmotif supplied by the Leamy Ladies as they balance and twitter their feet from their aerial perches on the volitant trapezes. This adds a subconcomitant not unlike the minor strain in a Hungarian czardas or the tender lilt of a Provencal troubadour's ballade.

And the clowns. Ah, the merry clowns! *Eheu! fugaces.* Our temples may become tinged with grey but the clowns remain ever youthful, ever joyous, ever merry. Back to the days of our childhood they take us, and their jests, ever the same, might have been described by that unappreciated genius, Wilde, as the berceuse of age and middle life. And these clowns have added to the old material many new and laughable *tours de force*.

But as Stendhal delightfully puts it, "Let us not tarry too long here, lest we spend all our money in one place." Everything is good of its kind, from the ladies who accomplish their high-school riding with the perfect technique of a Duse to the pink pulchritude of the bareback performers, from the largest elephant to the tiniest terrier who barks at his heels—if elephants have heels—and from the accurately balancing young person to the horse who goes up in a balloon, boys. It reminds one of that early twentieth-century lyricist who sings: Every bit added to what I had before, Every bit added makes a little bit more.

We of the pragmatic school let too little of the aesthetic illumine the dark recesses of our inner selves. We deny to our sub-conscious ego the sweetness and light that Matthew Arnold tells us is the rightful heritage of every soul. Let us cheer up then and visit the circus. If we need a pretext let us borrow a neighbor's child, preferably a comely female child between the years of twenty and thirty, and double our own pleasure by enjoying that of the child. *Ad peroxidas omnia blonda sunt.*

All of which means that the circus is a great deal better this year than usual.

"TIM" HEALY, the Irish member of Parliament, is quick at repartee. A voter once informed him that he would "sooner vote for the devil than for Healy."

"But possibly your friend may not turn up," said "Tim," adding in a tone of mild enquiry, "Perhaps you will support me then?"

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